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THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW

No. 549.—JULY 1941.

Art. 1.—KING GEORGE V.

King George V. A Personal Memoir. By John Gore.
London, John Murray, 1941.

THE biographer interviews his subject, alive or dead, and writes his book. The reviewer examines it and, with addenda of his own, delivers his verdict. The reader of the review, at three removes distant, hopes to glean some knowledge of the subject of the essay: it is to be hoped that his aim may often be achieved.

Biography is one of the most difficult, as it is one of the most fascinating, forms of literary composition, both from the author's and the reader's point of view. It is attractive to the latter, who expects to find in it innumerable key-holes through which he may detect a king or a colleague or a celebrity conducting public or private affairs; or that he may overhear conversations or soliloquies never intended for general consumption; or detect mainsprings or explanations of policies which have hitherto been Cabinet or professional secrets. Good biography is difficult to write for two reasons, at least, with which all those who have attempted it even on the most modest scale will be inclined to agree. In the first place, it should be the fixed determination of the writer to give the smallest possible amount of space to discussions of policies and public events which have already been debated *ad nauseam* in earlier publications, even though 'Mr X' (a term that we will hereafter employ to avoid the use of so horrible a word as 'biographee') may have been prominently associated with them. Such elimination will afford considerable relief to all regular readers of political history and of biography generally; and, even
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though the result will be to curtail the length of the book, the work will not be the less esteemed on that account. The second main difficulty, being entirely a human one, is less easy to escape: it is nothing less than the cruel but firm suppression of the writer's personal views on the character of 'Mr X' and upon his concern with public events during the period under review. That is an exaction which, like 'the fear of God,' biographers should always have before their eyes. It admits of no exception; and it is by reason of its almost universal transgression that nearly all biographies have failed to get a First Class. Even from the angle of 'Mr X' himself, we should expect support for this thesis. It was Lord Balfour who, in some public utterance, said: 'I do not mind being praised or blamed, but I object to being explained.'

It is because Mr John Gore has, quite intentionally, avoided and overcome both of these difficulties, that we give him the highest marks for his Memoir of King George V, and claim for him the status of a pioneer who has blazed a trail towards the goal of really great biography. And what is the function of Biography, great or small? It is not to attempt to write a 'History of our own times,' with 'Mr X' as the spot-light figure in the drama; preferably it is to give us a full-length picture of 'Mr X,' *en robe de circonstance* or *en robe de chambre* against a well-defined background of the history through which he moved. The King, de-vested of his purple; the statesman without frock-coat and fine linen; the soldier and sailor in undress, except where full uniform is essential to the story; these are the men that we want to learn about when we sit down to read a biography. It is enough to know that they were once principally concerned with these high concerns of kingship, with those Acts of Parliament, with such and such deeds of war, the details of which really belong to the pages of history rather than to chapters in the life of a servant of the State. It seems unnecessary to expect us to re-read so much familiar history.

Pursuing such an end, we may confidently say that Mr Gore has greatly succeeded in his picture of King George, by presenting us with a noble family portrait which seems to belong to us all; the likeness of a well

set-up, kindly, middle-aged Norfolk gentleman with a gun under his arm, and every inch a king. Like Mr Arthur Bryant before him, Mr Gore insists throughout upon the 'All-British' qualities of King George V, qualities which combined to form a character which every English-speaking subject of the Crown understood, admired, and loved. Let us watch the artist at his work as he builds up this worthy and attractive picture, noting especially the severe suppression of the obvious and unnecessary, and the total elimination of the opinions of the author.

'Our Sailor Prince' was the endearing name given to Prince George by his future subjects some sixty years ago, and as such he was known until he became Prince of Wales. It is probably true to say that (with the accidental exception of King George II) no British monarch had hitherto identified himself with either of our fighting services since Prince Hal, a circumstance which gave our sailor Prince an immediate hold upon the hearts and imaginations of the British people all over the world. Was it the far-seeing wisdom of Queen Victoria or the clever intuition of King Edward which decided that the up-bringing of King George should be entrusted to the care of the British Navy? We need not know more than this: that when the venerable Queen announced the decision to her Ministers, it became a 'Cabinet question' and was politely referred back to Her Majesty for further consideration. Whereupon the Sovereign reminded her Prime Minister of her right to direct the mode of her grandsons' up-bringing. Forthwith the subject dropped, and both grandsons passed into the *Britannia* to learn the rudiments of their trade. In that high service Prince George worked like any other young officer for fifteen happy years; in it he learned to know and to appreciate the difficulties that haunted the lives of lesser men; in it he learned 'a craft, whose mastery, detailed and thorough, was the foundation of his fine character and judgment.' In those last three words lies the secret of King George's far-reaching influence and charm. It runs like a golden thread through the complicated web of his public life, and it burns steadfastly as a guiding light over his happy home. The reader of this volume will not expect to find in its subject any shining example of outstanding intellectual ability or of original king-craft;

rather will he discover, from youth onward, the type of man that he would wish to be himself: honest, humble, courteous, and 'thorough.' Life in the Navy breeds such a type; it almost specialises in it. The drudge of it, the danger of it, the duties of it: from the lowest rung of the officer's ladder to near the top, Prince George climbed them all, side by side with his fellows, and was proud when the New Zealanders acclaimed him as a 'chip of the old block.' There, on the wide spaces of the Seven Seas, were laid the foundations of a character that would bear its owner, through the daily toil and incessant strain of after days, to the close of a great career. This sea-picture, whose colours keep harking back to us as the main story unfolds itself, is well and simply painted by Mr Gore.

Thereafter follow ten gentler years wherein the joys and privileges of home, of early married life and of a young family, are deftly sketched in delicate narrative which reveals the young Prince taking his place in social life, becoming an expert yachtsman and a first-rate shot, a keen judge of shire horses and live-stock, and a wide and deep inquirer into the condition of the people over whom, God willing, he would in the future be called upon to rule, radiating friendliness wherever he went. And, during that period of preparation for greater things, he went very far: to Australia and New Zealand, to South Africa and Canada, now with his gracious Duchess ever by his side. This moment is a fitting one at which to congratulate Mr Gore (whose own personality remains unseen) upon the collaboration and assistance that he has called in aid toward the making of his memoir. Fortunate, indeed, was he to have secured the invaluable help of Queen Mary, whose perfect sympathy and remarkable memory seem to preside as a kindly genius inspiring the author's pen. Fortunate, to have gained access to our late King's diaries, kept with meticulous regularity and with singular candour from his youth up and onward to the end, a very mine of encyclopædic information in which Mr Gore has quarried to the great advantage of us all. And fortunate, finally, in the cloud of willing witnesses that he has been able to summon from among colleagues in the Navy, from Statesmen and neighbours and from intimate friends, all adding their simple testimony to the

worth of the man and the monarch whom they were proud to serve. Such a galaxy of first-hand evidence would convince any jury of the true justice of Mr Asquith's dictum that 'He was his people and had no self apart from them.'

We have thus far followed the career of our future King, as Prince George, as Duke of York, and as Duke of Cornwall. It is four years since he returned to England from his world tour in the *Ophir*, which was signalised (Nov. 9, 1901) by his new title of Prince of Wales. From that date onward we learn that

'he was a changed man. A new authority was already observed in his writings and utterances. He had begun to assume his appropriate responsibilities. . . . He spent a good deal of time most days over official business, and already showed signs of a determination to judge for himself by reading despatches and documents at length, and not to accept *précis* and marked passages as a short cut to knowledge. In this respect he differed from his father.'

The coronation of King Edward (1902) has come and gone; the clouds that overshadowed His Majesty's life have passed away, and the Prince is preparing for and awaiting his absorbing tour with the Princess to India. We particularly recommend this section of Mr Gore's Memoir to all students of the life of King George, and more especially the memorandum written upon it by his devoted servant, the late Sir Walter Lawrence, who acted as chief of staff throughout the tour. It is an admirable piece of writing, finely adjusted to fit into the historical picture that is being painted. The visit was a stately pageant from first to last, but it was more; for it afforded to the Prince and Princess countless opportunities, of which they were swift to take advantage, of obtaining a deep insight into the lives and problems of the peoples of India. One cannot be surprised to read that, in Sir Walter's opinion, 'no event in the Prince's life up to his accession contributed so much to his education in Kingship as did this tour of 1905-6.' And so we pass along well-ordered lines of ceremonial to foreign courts, another voyage to Canada, innumerable public functions and a round of private visits, into the period of turbulent times that started in 1908 with the Suffragettes,

the 'People's Budget,' and the opening moves in the collision with the House of Lords. We may, perhaps, be forgiven for saying that from this date the era of 'Edward the Peace-maker' was ended, for there was no more peace in the land for many long years. One controversy after another raged through the country, embittered the people, and went near to menacing the dynasty. And whilst these quarrels were at their height, the great King Edward passed peacefully away.

No wonder that Mr Gore opens his first paragraph on the new reign with the words :

'In the days which followed King Edward's death, the new King had need of all the support which his faith could give him, and of all his reserves of endurance.'

At this point we are reminded by John Buchan that, although the phrase 'the King's Majesty' had been used by our ancestors since the Tudors, yet somehow or another the older form 'the King's Grace' seemed more belonging to King George, whose people associated his noble character more with friendship and sympathy and grace than with the cold and distant attribute of Majesty. And when he described himself to Archbishop Lang, at the apotheosis of his reign, as 'a very ordinary fellow,' he conveyed by that striking example of under-statement a truth that was at the heart's-core of the affection in which he was held by all his subjects ; the truth that the friendship which he so freely offered was based on a noble equality, and was tendered to all who, as Goldsmith said, were 'taught to love the King as their friend.' Here was the key to the public confidence upon which he rested all through his reign, a confidence which only increased as difficulties and dangers arose that would have wrecked the reign of a lesser man, and might well have imperilled the fortunes of the Throne itself.

So, forward marches King George into 1911 ; trusting in God and his Queen and his people, and faced by more political perplexities than had ever beset any monarch in the first year of his reign. And besides these, the daily calls of state business were clamant, private affairs of the Royal Family had to be re-arranged, the constitutional crisis on the Parliament Bill loomed darkly over the country, and preparations for the Coronation were in full

preparation. These were the principal high-lights in a year which scintillated with coruscations of only less importance and countless in number—more than sufficient to drive any 'ordinary fellow' out of his mind. Yet Their Majesties, each disciplined by different methods to the imperious calls of hard work, obeyed every summons and fulfilled every duty with unfailing regularity and unqualified success. We may leave the details of those crowded seven months to the appropriate books of reference, contenting ourselves with one brief note confided to the royal diary on Sunday, July 2: 'Took it easy, as I am rather tired.'

A short summer holiday followed, a little sailing in the Solent, a few weeks shooting in Scotland and elsewhere, then South again to prepare for the Coronation Durbar in Delhi—another tremendous ceremony, and an all-eclipsing success. Let us take leave of 1911 in His Majesty's own words, confided to the private pages of his diary:

'Our second visit to India is now over and we can thank God that it has been an unqualified success from first to last. It was entirely my own idea to hold the Coronation Durbar at Delhi in person. At first I met with much opposition, but the result has, I hope, been more than satisfactory, and has surpassed all expectations.'

War is knocking at the door; it is well that the King should be safe home again. The Suffragettes are on the trail; Labour is restless; dark clouds are over Ireland; Turkey is once more fighting in the Balkans; Lord Hardinge escapes assassination at Delhi—more fortunate than the King of Greece in the following year. Yet, a new dawn is gently breaking for the people of Britain. Their Majesties have rung it in with no uncertain note, and morning shows that the new reign is to bring monarch and people nearer to one another than ever before. This, to quote His Majesty once more, 'was entirely my own idea,' and it issued from roots deep down in the hearts of the Sovereigns. It was not long after the return from India that both King and Queen were touring South Wales, the industries of Yorkshire, and the potteries of the 'Five Towns.' Then was the beginning of those pilgrimages of friendship which were continued to the end of the reign, and certainly blessed

those who gave quite as much as they refreshed those who received. It was all and always so simply done. The results were electric in their reciprocity of good will, and 'the father of his people,' amid world-shattering events, ruled thenceforward undisturbed in the confidence of his subjects. We should not be far wrong if we believed that this mighty and world-wide personal support of the Throne was almost the only thing that remained undiminished and unscathed at the end of the Great War, and that future generations will live to bless Their Majesties for it. As, also, for another personal touch: by example, rather than by any spoken word, was expressed the King's desire to promote the virtues of self-denial and of simplicity in life throughout all classes in the kingdom. The disappearance of alcohol from the royal table was the earliest manifestation of this wish, and it was followed, both during the war and after it, by many other proofs that the rule of riches and profusion was over and that it would be succeeded by the promotion of hard work and quiet worth to the mighty seats lately occupied by more ambitious but less attractive qualities.

With commendable restraint, Mr Gore sketches the faintest outline of King George's incessant activities during the four years of the Great War, including political crises, innumerable inspections of fleets and regiments and hospitals in all parts of the country, and not a few visits to the Western field of battle, from one of which he returned as a war-casualty (1915) with a permanent scar upon his health, but none upon his serene judgment or sense of perspective:

'My horse took fright, reared straight up and fell back on top of me, giving me an infernal bad fall which completely knocked the wind out of me. They took me back to Aire as quickly as possible. I suffered great agonies all the way.'

He had broken his pelvis.

At the earliest moment His Majesty was about again, allowing himself to suffer far less from his own accident than from the acute responsibilities of changing governments, or resigning ministers, and of daily personal losses by the deaths of dear friends. Who will not echo the

mournful truth of this simple entry on May 6, 1918, the anniversary of his accession :

'I don't think any Sovereign of these realms has had a more difficult or more troublous 8 years than I have had.'

And then the Armistice. In Mr Gore's words, the attitude of our King is summed up with dignity and justice :

'Throughout the four dark years he marched breast-forward, never doubting that right would triumph, never turning his back on duty however heavy, or on facts however menacing. With a stern and calm courage and an infinite compassion he saw the dreadful business through to the end.'

The author of this memoir does well, from time to time, to interrupt the royal narrative with special chapters on the diversions which, on occasion, distracted the monarch from his 'boxes,' his never-ending public engagements, and from the cares of state. It is not only those addicted to the sports which he preferred to patronise who will turn with especial pleasure to these pages, but a far larger public which admired his keenness and efficiency in all that he undertook, his mastery of detail and his radiant sense of sportsmanship. We may well thank Providence that his serious accident in France, which might well have proved fatal, did not impair his boy-like *joie de vivre* when handling the *Britannia* in the Solent with a skill that won him many prizes ; or when shooting in form and making large bags on the hill or at the covert-side, or when seeing his horses run well or leading in a winner at Epsom or Newmarket. Success or failure, it is said, did not move him greatly in the world of sport ; it was the 'spirit of the game' that captivated him and made him such a joyous companion to those who were about him. His hands aboard the yacht adored him, and were proud of the technique of their noble skipper. Gamekeepers were at his feet ; they admired his outstanding prowess, his perfect style and his intimate knowledge of game-craft. For at heart King George was, as Mr Gore justly remarks, a 'marauder,' and not a professional record-breaker at a big shoot ; he would come home even more contented after killing a score of wild-duck or half a dozen woodcock than after taking part in the most spectacular partridge or pheasant shoot in

the Eastern Counties. As for racing, the 'sport of kings,' it had its place among his pursuits in leisure, but it was developed comparatively late in life. King Edward would seem to have dissuaded him from it as a young man, and it never gripped him (if at all) until well after the war, although his colours were constantly seen on the turf. Owners used to say that he had 'the right stuff in him,' for his chief interest was in breeding high-class race-horses, and in following their form on the course. But, taken all through his career, it cannot be said that he was a successful owner; it is even permissible to wonder whether, if racing had not been pre-eminently a British sport and the King pre-eminently a British sportsman, he would ever have engaged in it. Be that as it may, one thing is certain: that it brought him a host of unknown friends, as well as unnumbered hours of health-giving exercise as he hacked on Newmarket Heath.

Yachting friends, shooting friends, racing friends and, perhaps above all, old naval and military friends, these were the companions by whom he liked to be surrounded. With politicians he had no particular affinity, nor for the exponents of art in its many branches. Himself by this time a statesman of the first rank, he kept finely aloof from any party: political principles and preferences he certainly had, but these were never permitted to colour his contact with the Prime Ministers who served him. Of every one of them he made a friend; from each he received confidence and friendship in return for his unquestioned loyalty to them. And this royal virtue carried him triumphantly over the sea of troubles which beset the Ship of State that he steered for so long. But, when all is said and done, history will assuredly record that the great heart of this great King belonged in the fullest sense to his people, to whom his reign was dedicated; and then, more intimately, to his own family which claimed his intense devotion. It would not be beyond belief if the perfection of such a domestic life inspired the larger family with a longing to follow in the footsteps of their 'father'; but it may be taken as certain that the legends and rumours which had marked the reputation of the 'Marlborough House set' in the early years of the century perished beyond resurrection in the flames of

war, and in the cleansing fires of the new régime. Of one splendid and enduring friendship it remains to say one word, for it seizes us almost from the beginning to the end of this volume. It is of the perfect liaison and loyalty that existed between His Majesty and his principal Private Secretary, Lord Stamfordham, a distinguished artillery officer who (once better known as Sir Arthur Bigge) was for fifty years in the service first of Queen Victoria and then of King George. To the latter his association was invaluable; first as a mentor in all things that a Prince should know of his country's history and of his duties, and then as a past-master for all that could be learned about the ceremonial of state. For half a century he had been close to the secret heart of public affairs and of such private business as a Sovereign communicates perhaps only to the private secretary. And all this experience he gave with unsparing hand to the King, whose letters to Lord Stamfordham bear witness to the confidence of a monarch and the gratitude of a friend. Heavy indeed was the blow that Providence dealt to the King, both in his private and 'professional' capacity, in the troublous year of 1931; but some at least of its gravity was averted by the succession of Sir Clive Wigram, who had been quietly trained for many years by Lord Stamfordham to take his place if that should become necessary. With this eminent public servant, wise counsellor, and devoted friend beside him, King George braved the on-coming anxieties and complications, both foreign and domestic, which increased in number as his long reign drew to its close.

Readers of this appreciative, though far from exhaustive, account of Mr Gore's memoir will certainly be led to expect to find in it a valuable book of reference for all the principal events of a long reign packed with incidents, grave and gay, of many kinds. They will not be disappointed, either by the 'table of contents' or by the narrative in which the engrossing story is unfolded. Let any one of them imagine himself to be commissioned to undertake the work entrusted to this capable author. He would be more than human if he were not bewildered by the mass of material already lying before him, by the amount of correspondence involved with every quarter of the globe, by the countless interviews and conversations

with personages, personalities, and persons that will engage him before ever he sets pen to paper. Stout hearts have quailed before lesser jobs ; but this task has been faced and overcome with a degree of success that must be welcomed. Up to this point we have been quietly led through the mazes of sixty years of a life of extraordinary interest, of great importance and unflagging purpose ; conducted by a guide to whom proportion and perspective, in their relations to persons and to things, have been qualities of supreme concern. And along this road, whose difficulty cannot be overrated, we may confidently follow Mr Gore to the end.

It is the third decade of the twentieth century, 1931 ; the finances of the country were on the verge of collapse, political parties were at bitter odds, and the Prime Minister was not far removed from a nervous breakdown and resignation of his high office. Who can easily forget the acute feelings of instability and of imminent danger to the country under which we lived and moved and worked during those long weeks of shuddering suspense ? Every avenue of solution or escape was explored, only to find that each one was a *cul de sac* or led to a morass. But not so did His Majesty gauge the situation. He gave no outward heed to the snares of party politics, of tariff complications, of personal estrangements within or without the Cabinet. We are led to believe that he saw a better way, in which these difficulties had no place : that he called to his aid, as Head of the State, his principal officers, first singly and then in conference ; and, by infinite patience and persuasion, ultimately induced Mr Ramsay MacDonald to form a National Government such as has, in all essentials, endured until the present day. Deeper and deeper grew the confidence of the people in their King. But he had passed through very stormy waters during that week in August, genially described (by a very different metaphor) in a letter from Sir Clive Wigram to the Archbishop of Canterbury :

‘ We have just returned (to Balmoral) after three momentous days. It was my first “ Test Match.” I went in pale but determined. However, our Captain (the King) played one of his best innings with a very straight bat. He stopped the rot and saved his side. He was “ not out ” at the end, and

had hardly turned a hair or shown any sign of fatigue. . . . It was a fine performance.'

There was a second innings, however, in this match which was not concluded until the winter when, after a General Election and several important resignations, a second National Government was formed, and the political world settled down to the gigantic business of restoring the financial credit of the country. And here we may pause for a moment to note the placing of one of those rare commemorative stones that mark the path of our history 'broadening down from precedent to precedent.' It is a stone to remind us of the inclusion of the monarch as an accepted member of the official team chosen for the governance of the Empire. Long past are the Hanoverian days when the King was ignorant of the language in which our affairs of state were conducted; vanished the benevolent autocracy of Queen Victoria, and the 'piping times of peace' that were satisfied with the care-free rule of King Edward. Sterner years have supervened and demand different leadership. Thrice happy the people who have found it within the four corners of its constitution, and whose ministers instinctively felt that in King George V they had beside them a counsellor and a comrade of proven worth when the clouds were blackest and friends were few. Throughout the Empire there ran a feeling of gratitude and confidence when it was learned that the King-Emperor was in daily conference with the Cabinet in the hours of stress: in him they recognised a real accession of strength in the working of a Constitution which long years of experience had taught them to value. The stone thus set will be for a landmark alike to monarchs and to ministers of future years.

A great reign draws to its close, weighted down to the last by difficulties and duties, though eased occasionally by agreeable visits, by happy marriages within the domestic circle, and by the radiant manifestations which the Silver Jubilee afforded of a nation's love. To these events are devoted the final pages of an absorbing book which will revive great memories and provide a worthy memorial to a splendid King.

IAN MALCOLM.

Art. 2.—BRITAIN AT WAR.

THE oncoming of the second summer of the second German, or World, War—though, Heaven be our witness, Germany neither is nor ever will be the world, for all the insensate ambition of her rulers—has already brought about vast changes, and more, it is certain, will come. These changes are of two kinds—military, that is, the strategic and tactical conceptions and transformations, visible, spreading over the globe, titanic, and absorbing; and mental, that is, the internal and subterranean trends and forces, invisible, equally wide-spread, as vast and even more enduring. We were all prepared for the first, prepared, I mean, in our thoughts and in our apprehensions—for dispute arises, and will long continue, as to the full extent of our military preparedness; we were less prepared for the second.

It is not my purpose here to dwell upon the changing face of the war; that it is clearly impossible to do efficiently in an article written some weeks before publication. I write in mid-May, three days after the descent by parachute upon a Scottish hill-side of Rudolf Hess, Deputy Führer of Germany—an event which it is possible for the astrologers to claim that in one or other of their cryptic utterances they predicted, but certainly one which, apart from astrology (a science the practitioners of which have been, as always in times of great upheaval, particularly busy), no one could fail to associate with the wilder moments of *opéra bouffe*. To describe the external events which have taken place since I last wrote is superfluous; the pens of all journalists in the world have been employed upon them. My function is to deal, as best I may, with the second category of changes; and they are enough for any man.

But these must, of course, be seen in their setting. When I wrote in mid-February, for publication in the April issue, the war in its outward aspect seemed to be going well: General Wavell's spectacular advance in North Africa was fresh in its exhilaration, and the Greeks, with an heroic mixture of dash and stubbornness, were proving themselves considerably more than a match for the Italians. Jugo-Slavia's attitude was hesitant and feeble and the massing might of the German legions pre-

sented still the northern claw of the great Axis pincers ; but the southern claw had been destroyed and the speculation of the innocent was mainly about the possible advance to, and capture of, Tripoli. Almost immediately after my article had gone to press came the renewal, in different guise, of the mighty drama : we had that great morning, on March 27, when we read with hearts a-thrill both of the *coup d'état* in Jugo-Slavia, changing a rather treacherous neutral back in a twinkling to the staunch ally of the last war, and of the fall of Keren and Harar ; Mussolini's African Empire was tottering to its fall and his German master was threatened with unanticipated obstacles and opposition. Ten days later, another violent shaking of this world's kaleidoscope—the launching of the onslaught on Jugo-Slavia and Greece and the loss of Benghazi. Since then, as all mankind knows, we have seen renewed the glories both of Thermopylæ and of Dunkirk : we have seen again a second time in history the two most magnificent failures of all the annals of war. These are no days therefore—for any but professional astrologers, at least—in which to attempt prophesy. The war has entered, as all sober opinion knew it must, upon the sternest of its phases : the Battle of the Atlantic is on, the Battle of the Mediterranean Littoral is on, huge clouds form their menacing shapes over the Dardanelles, the Suez Canal, Gibraltar, Mosul, the Ukraine, Baku—and 'westward, look, the land is bright.'

It was Dr Nicholas Murray Butler who did me the honour of quoting, at the first dinner in New York attended by Lord Halifax, my description of this conflict as 'the deadliest, dreariest war that has ever disgraced the history of man' : but that was of the winter's night-bombing, that backwards and forwards slogging match with which the months succeeding October were punctuated. It continues, as we all know, as London and many another city both in England, Wales, and Scotland testify, and as Berlin, Hamburg, Mannheim, and other cradles of this war of destruction abundantly illustrate ; and it will continue increasingly upon the latter now that we have not only far greater bombing strength but also bombs of a size and blasting power to which our enemies have no equivalent at all, but it is not, as it was through the winter months, the main aspect of this incalculable war. Deadly

that remains, dreary it is no longer apposite to term it: it is, from almost every point of view, at once the deadliest and the most interesting conflict of all time. And now (as I write) the flight of Hess: that indeed deserves the epithets most over-worked of all in journalism 'amazing' and 'sensational'—and, if I may be allowed, if only out of compliment to the great Transatlantic brotherhood, to use the expression, 'and then some.'

I must leave speculations, the hopes and apprehensions of strategy and the force of arms, for the trends, undercurrents, and mentalities which are continuing, often unperceived, in our midst, but before I do so I must record, first—in order of date—and in spite of the subsequent German successes in North Africa, that owing to the destruction of the Italian Air Force it was possible, as far back as early in March, to announce 'lights up in Africa,' namely, the ending of the black-out in Nairobi, secondly, the return, five years after his expulsion, of the Emperor of Abyssinia to his capital—the first of those freeings of imprisoned lands of which it is certain the future, near or delayed, will hold many examples, and, thirdly, the steady, tremendous, and inspiring march of the mind of the American democracy. As I write, that democracy is not our ally, she is our sister and friend. She does not 'convoy,' she extends her 'neutrality patrol'—an expression I have not yet heard legally expounded. She does everything that it is possible for a nation not actually at war to do to help us. The end both of her road and of the dictators would seem to be as certain as anything in this world can be.

But how Time goes on! Now on the wing, now like an over-laden ox. How many dates, since the lamented fall of France, have been given us by which, if only we could endure so long, victory was assured? The first that I can remember—and it seems now almost fantastic even to mention it—was July 11, 1940; we were told that by that date would come the crucial test in the air-warfare. The tellers were out by a couple of months at least, as that best-seller amongst Government publications, 'The Battle of Britain,' has described. The forecasters and exhorters shifted their pitch accordingly: if we had not been overcome by means of a successful invasion by the early autumn, we were saved. The

autumn passed and we remained not only unsubdued but unshaken. And so, like the carrot held in front of the racing donkey's nose, the date has been advanced and advanced. Early this year President Roosevelt was reported to have given it as his opinion that, if we survived until June 1, we had success in our grasp: we are (again as I write, be it understood) approaching that date and still surviving. On April 19 I heard Mr Ernest Bevin say in a speech at Birmingham that if we held out for a further four months we had won the war.

Do any of these pronouncements and prognostications matter? I doubt it: we have in our hearts, every one of us, so unassailable a conviction that the cruelties, injustices, and frauds of the dictatorial regimes cannot conceivably be the foundations of the world-supremacy of which Hitler dreams; we have also, a part of the very fibre of our being, so unconquerable an outlook. Much has been written and spoken of the indomitable heroism of the ordinary man and woman of these islands, and not a word too much, especially of the women, to whom Mr Menzies in his farewell broadcast paid special tribute. The Lord Mayor of Birmingham added his the other day by telling how, after a bad raid, an old lady whose house had been destroyed summed all up in a single simple sentence about Hitler: 'e can't win the war by knockin' down 'ouses,' she declared. Let me add two other sentences which have come to my personal knowledge: both were spoken by humble women far advanced in years, nearer ninety in fact than eighty, who had each been bombed out of their homes in London suburbs and were in a Midland infirmary, their world's possessions each in a small bag—the first said to my wife, 'You have to pay, dearie, in something more precious than money to have an England; when God thinks we have suffered enough, He will put down his great arm between us and say, "Stop!"' The other, after describing how some years before when her husband was dying he had noticed her in tears and had told her not to worry for God would look after her, ended, looking with quiet gratitude round the room of the infirmary where with an old carpet round her shoulders for a cloak she was with twenty other old women, 'and look how He has!'

On Good Friday the special Psalm was xxii; the

ending sentence seemed so appropriate to the state of the world and the spirit of the British people that it led me to write the following :—

' A ghastly world is streaked with death ;
The hideous tumult screams and falls :
To all still drawing Freedom's breath
The challenge of the spirit calls.

' Endurance, valour, sacrifice,
And hearts that rise from grief and sing—
These are the days and this the price
That out of darkness light shall bring.

' A people shall be born this hour
Whom God, the Lord of souls, hath made,
A people based upon His power,
Quarried, compacted, and assayed.

Is that too much to believe ? It is certainly not too much to work for. If there be any truth in regeneration through suffering—and my own thought is that in nothing of which we have any spiritual experience is there deeper truth—there is something outstandingly hopeful in much that is going on all around us.

In one fundamental regard, I notice, or at any rate I think I notice, a difference between the mind of the nation in the last war and in this which will have consequences as far-reaching as they should be beneficial. We began the last war with the slogan ' business as usual ' : it was not a good slogan, but very few slogans are ; it crystallised, however, a certain attitude of mind which underwent, undeniably, considerable modifications as the carnage of the Ypres salient, the Somme mud-fields, and elsewhere proceeded, but was never wholly abandoned, and as the end of that war approached revived. That war brought, inevitably, many and great changes, direct and indirect, as all great wars must, but it forced them upon a people unwilling to receive them and determined to ignore them, as far as that might be possible. As the autumn of 1918 deepened into victory, though there was a Ministry of Reconstruction, though we had just passed Mr H. A. L. Fisher's great Education Act, the mind of people in general, it is hardly too much to say, was directed, not forwards into the new future of a better,

post-war world but backwards, with a natural nostalgia, to the old pre-war world and the things and scenes remembered and loved. One came across many anomalies in the months immediately succeeding the Armistice: I can recall now the curious sense of incongruity with which, visiting Cambridge for May-week, 1920, I discovered valiantly coxing a College eight one who, four years before, had been borne away, a platoon-commander badly injured, from one of the grim battlefields of France; his leg had had to be amputated, he could serve no more in the Army, and in 1920 he was concluding his time as an undergraduate.

It was 'life as usual,' Cambridge as before, and a one-legged man could still cox an eight: it was admirable, it was resilient—but it was incongruous. He had been a man among men, he was, four years later, a boy among boys. It was a very slight sign of an almost universal trend; it is already absent from our minds to-day. Not only, as far as I am able to judge—I do not pretend for a moment to be dogmatic about anything so general or that there are not innumerable exceptions—does the nation already realise that there will be no going back to the world of August 1939, but—which is of even greater significance—it does not wish to. It understands that an epoch of history ended on the date Hitler launched his murderous hordes into Poland; it is turning mentally, though, of course, with many a personal heart-pang, to the new epoch that shall be.

All is changed. A day or so ago I revisited a loved spot on the South Downs, remote from any habitation, to which I have been a score of times and never—till last autumn—seen a soul at or near it except only a boy scaring birds from the ploughlands below or the ploughman himself; last autumn the spot was desecrated by the crash of a German raider, which brought sightseers and a military guard; the other day the ploughman, that eternal emblem of the world's essential labour, was still there, all trace of the intruding raider had long been removed, but all about me in place of silence were tanks, lorries, armoured cars, and military motor-bicycles, and everywhere over the lovely short turf of the Downs were the inescapable marks of their tracks. They, and those, will pass: the turf will heal and all will again, and

assuredly, measured by the infinite ages of the Downs, in a little fragment of Time, be peace. But still all is changed, for the spirit of the nation is no more the same.

It is not the fashion nowadays to quote Tennyson ; but I belong unashamedly to a generation that in its youth studied his cadences, poetic technique, and Victorianism ; towards the very end of his life he wrote a few lines which, for all the attributes popularly—and erroneously—attributed to that great period of English history when lives were lived in complete security under the ægis of Britannia, are wholly appropriate to the nation's desire to-day :—

‘ Call me not so often back,
Silent Voices of the dead,
Toward the lowland ways behind me
And the sunlight that is gone.
Call me rather, silent voices,
Forward to the starry track
Glimmering up the heights beyond me—
On and always on ! ’

Destruction proceeds apace—‘ no matter,’ says every heart, ‘ we will rebuild, and better.’ That is not an answer that applies only to bricks and mortar : they are material and tangible, and it is the immaterial and the intangible that daily assume a deeper importance in our eyes. We are not going back to the old ; we are going forward steadfastly and hopefully to the new. If there is one resolve more fixedly in our hearts than another it is that out of this welter of ‘ blood and toil, tears and sweat,’ the city of Mansoul shall arise more worthy to be lived in than before.

This is not to say that we have all of us become optimists in a night or even that we have sloughed our old skin of envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness—far from it. We are, unhappily and practically for the first time in our long history, beginning to be filled with an angry detestation of our abominable enemy ; that is unavoidable in view of his methods of warfare, and that anger, once engendered, may not only, as I have previously said, present huge, perhaps even insuperable, barriers to the realisation—in our lifetime at all events—

of an enduring peace, but also may overflow from our enemy and recoil in our midst.

In a previous article I made reference to certain disquieting indications—as they appeared to me—of a smouldering spirit of class-warfare; I did not find that every one was in agreement with me, and indeed I very sincerely hope that my reading of the indications I gave was, and will prove, wrong. But what is one to make of this letter? ‘The unkindest cut of all for the Home Guard,’ wrote a Mr F. J. S. Challands, of Hurworth-on-Teess, near Darlington, ‘is to promote to superior officers the idle rich who have no qualifications for jobs beyond spare time and *l. s. d.*’ To the letter itself but little significance could be attributed, but it was printed in one of the nation’s most prominent papers with an editorial note, ‘many other letters on similar lines have been received.’ Not an editorial syllable to show this Mr Challands (a) that there is no pay attached to commissions in the Home Guard, only endless time and trouble given to the country, (b) that there can be no idle rich since the Budget, (c) that no one, as far at least as is known, has been ‘promoted to superior officers’ except those who have had a great deal of military experience, and (d) that no one who has not ‘spare time and *l. s. d.*’ can possibly undertake a particularly laborious voluntary service. Mr Challands wrote as though these rich idlers of his imagination were absorbing some enviable plums—and the Editor, instead of saying ‘what bitter rubbish!’ prints the letter and, by inference, commends it. I have chosen this example now that the Home Guard, one of the most remarkable of the war’s developments, has just (as I write) celebrated its first anniversary; it is not worrying either about commissions, Challands, or enemies; it is just carrying on.

One other minor feature of the times along the same current of unhelpfulness: almost every single kind of person in these islands is pulling his or her weight now, good and hard—all but one, the average domestic servant. Untouched by all taxation except the Purchase Tax, little disposed to humility by reason of the demand vastly exceeding the supply, the average domestic servant goes on her way less concerned about the nation’s needs, less affected by the nation’s labour, than any other class in

the community. This may be thought too sweeping a generalisation—though, of course, all generalisations are sweeping, it is the essence of their nature so to be, and that domestic servants are practically tax-free, and the demand for them is far greater than the supply is a statement not of opinion but of fact. But it would perhaps give an unfair impression not to emphasise the exceptions: many a servant, especially in the 'blitzed' areas, has shown great courage and greater devotion; that is happily true and gratefully acknowledged. In the quieter areas the prevailing facts governing lives and values have produced odd results of pride. I know, for example, of one case where a girl 'in service' just too old to be conscripted (as yet) will not, except occasionally when she feels like it, walk the few yards necessary to bring her to the newly dug-for-victory vegetable plot and gather a cauliflower—and, still less often, leaves of spinach; though she does not toss her head and say, after the manner of the *feuilleton*, that she 'will not so demean herself,' she has indicated unmistakably that picking a vegetable is not part of her duties; she leaves it accordingly to the lady of the house and a retired engineer and eats of their gathering contentedly. It is fortunate for her appetite, perhaps, that these gatherers are of that uncommended class who have no inferiority complex and are accordingly willing to do anything within their strength and competence that helps on the national war-effort.

But it is, doubtless, unnecessary to dwell upon the shortcomings of a race of individuals that will soon belong to the age that is past so completely as the domestic servant. Mr Challands would unquestionably hold that no one now ought to have any, and he will find not a few to agree with him—and dissent in practice the first week they can afford to do so. However that may be, it is certain that in the near (and probably the continuing) future no one will be able to afford to have more, say, than a 'general.' Even now it is hardly recognised what a stupendous revolution was silently ushered in, and cheerily accepted, by the Budget, introduced on April 6. If, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has said, an individual must hereafter be in the possession of an annual income of 66,000*l.* in order to have a spending power of 5,000*l.* per annum, if no one—whatever his or her income

—can in future have a higher spending power than 6,000*l.* per annum, what subscriptions will anyone have to spare for any voluntary hospital, any charitable or social organisation; what fees will anyone be able to pay for the education of his or her sons or daughters; what country estates will be kept up; what large houses kept open? Already we have had in Parliament the Bill on Public School Trust Funds accompanied by a slightly acrimonious and definitely class discussion, even though I see that Mr Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., has given it as his opinion that 'the social philosophy behind the Public School system is threatened with a breakdown not because it has failed but because it has been too successful'—an unexpected and generous admission. We must leave Canon Leeson and Lord Quickswood to fight their duel on the future of the public schools; they began it in approved gladiatorial style at the Royal Society of Arts and its continuance should be as illuminating as the transmutation of the schools is sure. As one acute and detached observer has remarked, 'it is not to be supposed for one moment that the mass of the people will submit their children to the strict discipline and, when required, the punishments we readily allow ours to receive at the public schools.'

And yet we who with all our might and with all our souls are fighting against the regime of the dictators have, with an almost incredible unanimity, submitted ourselves to the curious form of government of to-day, one unknown hitherto in history, one that can only be described as a benevolent democratic dictatorship. The Government (which does not mean the Cabinet or even the Civil Service) can do anything—almost anything; and at times it has. I have excepted the Civil Service, which used to govern this country in the good/bad old days before either German war, because, immense as is its power, its popularity is strictly limited: for all the inconsequence of the debate in the House of Lords early this year and the acceptance of the Lord Chancellor's entirely inadequate reply, there is undoubtedly a deep and wide-spread dissatisfaction with the Civil Service—it is admirable, it is 'old school tie,' and all the rest of it, but it was not made to function speedily and effectively in war, and indeed is almost incapable of so doing. Hence

it has to be rescued, at times, from its own excellence, by the 'dynamic' qualities of Lord Beaverbrook (and I imagine he must now hate the adjective almost as much as Aristides came to hate that of 'good') or by the autocracy of a Churchill. At the same time, and with no suggestion of criticism of either the Prime Minister—who has welded the nation together behind him as no former holder of his office, from Chatham downwards, has ever succeeded in doing—or of General Wavell—whose lightning advance to the edge of Tripolitania was a marvellous early spring tonic—I deprecate the increasing adulation of either; we may perhaps in the light of his ancestry mention Marlborough in connection with Mr Winston Churchill; to do so, as was done after the capture by us of Benghazi (and before its loss), in the case of General Wavell is to invite the jealous hostility of the devil—and that invitation he accepted with great initiative and skill.

I have passed from the Budget and its effects, but they will endure long, long after every bombed house has been rebuilt in a new land. 'A new heaven'—perhaps; 'a new earth' certainly, for 'the former things have passed away.' The young women will see to that; they did wonders in the last war, in this they are indistinguishable (except for charm, of course!) from the young men; they have their own everything, work, corps, outlook—and language; one known to me, who is officially, I believe, described as an A.C.W.2 and unofficially as a 'plonk,' wrote that, in addition to receiving more and better food than she had had for years, she was also receiving lectures on 'eticuette and proseiger'—she did not say whether she was also receiving lectures on spelling!

And that brings me to that ending of all journeys, food. Why is it that, in every single case that has arisen since September, 1939, methods and personnel attested and approved in the last war have alike been discarded in this? No explanation is even given to a long-suffering public. Lord Rhondda was in his day held by all and sundry to have achieved a very remarkably high degree of success as Food Controller; his methods have not been followed—and many and reasoned are the complaints. Why should a man who has his lunch out, say, in a London restaurant or club, have a meat meal every

working day when the agricultural labourer, working physically far harder, remote from any restaurant or club, cannot? He receives, now, it is true, an extra ration of cheese, but why should the clubman be free to do what in war, in this war at all events, is equivalent to gourmandise? It does not make sense, but it is a truth. No, the Food Control in this war has not worked as smoothly as it did in the last; no doubt the difficulties are greater, but so is the experience; and it says volumes for the steely determination of the people that they have accepted the inequalities with so little acrimony.

Some of the trends and changes dealt with are visible, others are transient: there is one which is too large to analyse here at this date and stage of the war but should at least be mentioned—it will in all probability be one of the most important and the most enduring. This is the change, under the surface, in the attitude of the workers towards those in control of industrial undertakings. Once a good owner took a parental interest in his factory hands: then, as undertakings grew too big for the successful maintenance of such personal contacts, good boards of directors instituted welfare schemes of one kind and another. In both these cases the emphasis is on the word 'good': all was voluntary—and the bad, or indifferent, owner or board was very far from infrequent. Now, welfare is a right, not a gift; and the workers, more and more, tend to think of the undertaking in which they are employed as '*their* factory', one in which and of which they are a part. This is a real, a gradual, and a deeply significant trend, much expedited by war conditions, on which the industrial relationships of the future hopefully depend.

And so, onwards, holding on, and a bit more, hitting back, steadfastly preparing for the great days when, if prophecy be even justifiable, it is safe to prophesy that the German populace will bitterly regret that the insensate ambition and devastating ill-faith of their egregious Führer ever forced them down the pathway of international, internecine war. At moments things have looked pretty grim, and the destruction too of old and lovely things has wrung the heart—I suppose every one has his or her own favourite building that was shielded, as far as might be, by prayer from a loving heart; my own was Westminster Hall, the damage to which I mind

more than many a personal loss—but let us again be unfashionable and resort to a quatrain of Tennyson, also in his last days :—

Act first, this Earth, a stage so gloom'd with woe
You all but sicken at the shifting scenes.
And yet be patient. Our Playwright may show
In some fifth Act what this wild Drama means.

And, to conclude—I am aware I have circled back to cricket in these articles before now, but it is a good habit, if one that to our descendants will be quite unintelligible—I note that Andrew Ducat has been engaged as cricket coach at Eton ; my dear friends of the light blue persuasion, you flatter yourselves—not a hope !

GORELL.

May 28. The one piece of verse favoured as a recitation by my brother in boyhood contained the lines :—

We live so fast in these days
That a fortnight's long ago.

In the interval between writing the foregoing article and the correction of the proofs, five events of outstanding significance for the future of the world have taken place :—
(a) the Battle of Crete, the most portentous struggle in the whole military history of mankind, has now been raging for seven nights and seven days ; (b) Rashid Ali has been decisively discomfited in Irak ; (c) H.M.S. *Hood* has been blown up off Greenland, and our indomitable Royal Navy has taken revenge after the most thrilling of chases by sinking the 'unsinkable' *Bismarck* ; (d) the tragic Irish blunder of 1916 is not to be repeated ; and (e) Admiral Raeder (very suitable name) has threatened the U.S.A. and is now digesting the decisions announced in President Roosevelt's speech last night—named with almost ludicrous meiosis, a 'fireside chat'—which will reverberate not only throughout both hemispheres but down the ages yet to be.

Art. 3.—PROBLEMS OF FEDERALISM.

1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations.* Three vols and Appendices. King's Printer, Ottawa. 1940.
2. *Federations and Unions in the British Empire.* By H. E. Egerton. Oxford, 1911.
3. *Imperial Federation.* By Sir G. R. Parkin. 1892.
4. *The Nature of Canadian Federalism.* By W. P. M. Kennedy. 1921.
5. *The Legislative Powers of the Commonwealth and the States of Australia.* By Sir J. Quick. 1919.
6. *The Failure of Federalism in Australia.* By A. P. Carraway. 1930.
7. *Modern Democracies.* By Viscount Bryce. 1921.
8. *A Federation for Western Europe.* By W. Ivor Jennings. Cambridge, 1940.

OF all forms of government federalism is admittedly the most difficult. Parliamentary government, as understood in England, is, even in a unitary state, difficult enough. All commentators on the English constitution agree that the several organs of government are so delicately poised, the checks and balances so numerous, the conventions which alone make it workable so abstruse, that it is small wonder if the system is apt to break down. Recent experience would, indeed, seem to prove that the Cabinet system—to use a conveniently short if inexact description—can be worked with success only by a people who are politically minded, who have had a long training in local self-government and are both politically and socially homogeneous. But the problems which confront the political mechanic in a unitary state are relatively simple as compared with those which every variety of federalism has to face.

Among those problems perhaps the most baffling, certainly the most fundamental, arises in connection with the distribution of powers between the central or federal government and the governments of the component States or Provinces. Of this truth we have lately had illustrations in three States, where the federal form of government has been adopted with some variation in detail. In the United States federalism coexists with

Presidential Democracy, and the residue of powers is vested in the State governments. The Commonwealth of Australia owns allegiance to the Imperial Crown and the form of democracy, there accepted, is at once Monarchical and Parliamentary, but in respect of the distribution of powers its constitution has followed the example of the United States. In the Dominion of Canada, on the contrary, the residue of powers remains vested in the central government, the Provinces being entrusted only with the functions specifically assigned to them by the *British North America Act* of 1867, and its amendments.

In all three countries difficulties have recently arisen in this connection. In Canada friction has become so acute that in 1937 a Royal Commission was set up to 're-examine the economic and financial basis of confederation and the distribution of legislative powers [between the central and provincial legislatures] in the light of the economic and social developments of the past seventy years.' The commissioners were instructed more particularly

'to inquire into the constitutional allocation of revenue sources in relation to the governmental burdens borne by the Dominion and Provincial governments; to investigate the effects of taxation in relation to constitutional limitations and financial and economic conditions; to examine generally public expenditure and public debts, in order to determine whether the present division of the burdens of government is equitable; and to investigate the question of Dominion subsidies and grants to Provincial governments.'

The commissioners were five in number, each from a different province, the provinces without representation being Alberta, Saskatchewan, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The first chairman was the Hon. Newton W. Rowell, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, but on his resignation in 1938 Dr Sivois of Quebec was appointed in his place. The Report of the Commission was published on May 20, 1940, and consists of three volumes with no fewer than eight volumes of appendices.

Preoccupation with the progress of the war has doubtless been mainly responsible for the relatively small attention paid, in this country, to a Report which deals with

matters of no little importance, not only to one of our great Dominions but to all students of politics who are interested in one of the root problems inherent in all federal governments. To make amends, in some degree, for this neglect is one of the objects of the present article.

Not, however, the sole object. The conditions and presuppositions of federalism are, at the moment, being studied, certainly in England, and possibly elsewhere, with a degree of attention never hitherto devoted to this branch of the science and art of politics. Nor is the reason obscure. Many earnest men and women are convinced that only in some form of world or at least European federalism, or maybe in a federal union comprehending all branches of the Anglo-Saxon family, shall we find a solution of the insistent problem of world peace. Be that as it may, there can be no question that it is beyond measure important that the prolegomena of the problem should be clearly set forth, and the conditions essential to its solution be apprehended.

Among state forms that of federalism belongs essentially to the modern world. The first constitution in world-history fulfilling all the conditions of true federalism was that evolved in 1787 by the thirteen States which until 1776 had borne allegiance to the British Crown. After that, more than half a century elapsed before the federal principle was accepted by any government outside the American Continent. Nay more: when the late Mr E. A. Freeman published his 'History of Federal Government' in 1863 he could draw his illustrations of the principle only from the United Provinces of the Netherlands, the United States of America, and the Helvetic Confederation. Of these the first, as we shall see, afforded a very imperfect example of federalism, while the last still fell short of the perfect form attained in 1874. Almost the whole of Freeman's work, which characteristically remained a *torso*, was devoted to an analysis of the constitutions of the 'Leagues' formed, from time to time, by some of the city-states of ancient Greece. The most famous of these leagues were the Confederacy of Delos, formed under the presidency of Athens, the Achæan League, a confederation of the towns of Achaia, and the league formed between the Ætolean towns. But even the Delian League, despite the pre-

cautions taken to preserve the independence of the Ionian cities of which it was composed, very imperfectly fulfilled the conditions which we regard as essential to real federalism. The leagues were, indeed, at most embryonic forms of the federal state.

Still more embryonic in character were the leagues formed, in the twelfth century, between the Lombard cities, which were resisting the attempts of the Hohenstaufen Emperors to establish the Imperial authority in Italy. Equally lacking in any real federal quality was the famous confederation formed, in the thirteenth century, between Lübeck, Hamburg, and other north German cities. The Hanseatic League, important as was the part it played in commerce, contributed nothing to the evolution of the federal principle in government.

Far otherwise was it with the *Old League of High Germany* concluded (in 1291) between the three Forest Communities, Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden. One of the many leagues formed for mutual protection in medieval Germany, this league was famous as the protoplasm of the Swiss Confederation. During the first half of the fourteenth century the original league of three had expanded into the *Confederation of Eight Cantons*, which by 1513 had in turn expanded into thirteen. The orderly progression was interrupted, at the end of the eighteenth century, by successive phases of the Napoleonic conquest, but was resumed, not without bitter controversies and prolonged gestation, when in 1815 the Powers, at the Congress of Vienna, approved the new *Federal Pact* and agreed to guarantee the independence and neutrality of Switzerland.

The *Federal Pact* was essentially centrifugal in character, recognising the sovereign rights of the cantons now increased, by the inclusion of French Switzerland, to twenty-two in number. At the same time, however, it invested with a sort of presidential authority the three principal cantons, Berne, Zürich, and Lucerne. The compromise thus attempted between contradictory principles resulted in perpetual discord between the members of the confederation. Ultimately, in 1843, actual secession was threatened by the *Sonderbund* or League of Seven Roman Catholic Cantons. Civil war broke out in 1847, but a brief and almost bloodless campaign resulted

in the dissolution of the *Sonderbund*, and Switzerland, freed by the revolutions of 1848 from all interference on the part of the autocratic Powers, carried out a radical revision of the makeshift constitution of 1815.

The constitution adopted in 1848 was at once genuinely federal and genuinely democratic, and though extensively amended in 1874 it still forms the basis of the Swiss Confederation. It is truly federal because within their respective spheres the national and cantonal governments are sovereign. It is democratic because sovereignty is, in fact, ultimately vested in the people who exercise it directly by means of the *Referendum*, the *Popular Initiative*, and in some cases by the more extreme device of the *Recall*. Thus Switzerland, starting with a mere *league* of cantons (to anticipate the later designation) developed into a confederation (*Statenbund*) and finally blossomed forth into a real federation (*Bundes-sta*t). All the organs of government—legislative, executive, and judiciary—conform, as will be seen presently, in the full sense, to the federal pattern, and careful provision is made for the distribution of functions between the central and local governments. Thus there came into being for the first time on European soil a federal constitution in all its parts complete, compact, and coherent.

In this connection we ought not, perhaps, to ignore the claim of the constitution devised for the United Provinces of the Netherlands after their revolt from Spain in the sixteenth century. *The Union of Utrecht* (1579) was, indeed, one of the clumsiest, most complicated, and least workable constitutional instruments ever drafted; it was, at best, merely a confederacy of sovereignties, each of which was itself a federation of oligarchical municipal councils. But it had some points in common, if more in contrast, with the Swiss Confederation, and according to some authorities—now discredited—it furnished a model for the confederation of the English colonies in North America. But the essential difference between the Netherlands on the one hand, and Switzerland and the United States on the other, is that in the latter cases confederation was a stage in the evolution of federalism while the Dutch Republic, never more than a confederation, ultimately gave place to a constitutional monarchy.

Less important than confederation, which has often

served as a stepping-stone to genuinely federal states, in the form of composite state known as a personal union. Of this species the typical example is afforded by the Dual Monarchy of the Hapsburgs. Until the close of the seventeenth century—if not until the conclusion of the *Ausgleich* in 1867—the union of Austria and Hungary was purely personal. Had the governments of Austria and Hungary been genuinely parliamentary the *Ausgleich* might, through the 'Delegations,' have developed into a federation. If the federal principle had been extended to Bohemia and to the Southern Slavs the dissolution of the Hapsburg Empire in 1918 might, to the great advantage of the peace of Europe, have been averted. But the Emperor Francis Joseph was, to all intents and purposes, a personal ruler, the tie between the Austrian Empire and the Hungarian Kingdom remained, therefore, essentially personal. Consequently when the Hapsburg monarchy collapsed the slender tie was snapped.

Even more purely personal was the union of Sweden and Norway between 1815 and 1905. Allegiance to the same king was the only tie between the two countries. Consequently, when in 1905, Norway resolved to renounce allegiance to King Oscar, the constitution of Norway as a 'free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable state' remained intact. All that Norway had to do was to declare itself a republic or find another king. It made an excellent choice by inviting Prince Carl of Denmark to accept the crown of Norway.

The union between England and Scotland was similarly personal from 1603 to 1707. Happily in this case the personal union was, after much travail, many experiments, and three wars, replaced by an organic union based upon the fusion of the two legislatures and almost complete fusion of the executives though not of the judiciaries. The union between Great Britain and Hanover, subsisting from 1714 to 1837, was also purely personal, and was dissolved without friction on the accession of a female sovereign to the English Throne in 1837. Slightly more organic, but not parliamentary, was the union between Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800. But, like the Anglo-Scottish union, that gave place in 1800 to a legislative union.

Since 1800 Great Britain and Ireland has been (at any

rate until 1920) a unitary state. But it should not escape notice that in this technically unitary state there was a larger element of federalism than is commonly realised. The legislature—prior to 1920—was entirely unitary, though bills relating to Scotland are, after second reading, referred to a grand committee mainly Scottish in composition. Moreover out of 458 public Acts passed during the decade 1901–10 only 252 applied uniformly to the whole of the United Kingdom. The executive is less unitary than the legislature. As Sir Herbert (now Viscount) Samuel pointed out some years ago, only four members of the cabinet—the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the President of the Board of Trade, and the Postmaster-General—out of fifteen concerned with domestic administration, exercised their powers uniformly in each of the three parts of the United Kingdom.

The judiciary is still more federal in character than the executive, and much more, therefore, than the legislature. Scotland is judicially completely independent of England. To the rule of independence, guaranteed by the *Act of Union*, there is only one exception—for Scotland as for England the supreme appellate tribunal is the House of Lords; but in that House, under the terms of the Act of Union, sixteen representative peers of Scotland, among whom are Scotsmen holding peerages of the United Kingdom, there are always men who have held 'high judicial office' and qualified, therefore, to sit on what is virtually, though not technically, a Judicial Committee of the House of Lords.

Passing from the United Kingdom to the British Oversea Dominions it is to be noted that two out of the four have federal constitutions, while a third—South Africa—though technically unitary, has in its texture so large an element of federalism that it is sometimes included, by a pardonable error, in the category of Federal States. When, after the conclusion of the last Boer War, the future form of government for South Africa was under consideration there was, indeed, hot discussion whether it should be unitary or federal. A federation had been strongly advocated by Sir George Grey, one of the most far-seeing statesmen who ever represented the Crown in

South Africa, as far back as 1858. Had the Home Government grasped the problems confronting South Africa as Sir George Grey grasped them, the whole subsequent history of South Africa, involving discontent among the Dutch and humiliation for the English, might have been happier. 'Had British ministers in time past been wise enough to follow your advice, there would undoubtedly be to-day a British Dominion extending from Table Bay to Zambesi.' So F. W. Reitz, afterwards the Transvaal Secretary of State, wrote to Sir George Grey in 1893. But in the heyday of the Manchester School there was no room for statesmen possessed of Grey's gift of vision; the 'weary Titan' was tired of the whole burden of colonial establishments, and looking forward to the 'emancipation' of all oversea dependencies. Grey's idea of a federal South Africa was, therefore, still-born.

In 1875 the project was, however, revived by Lord Carnarvon, Colonial Secretary in Disraeli's great ministry. Carnarvon had been the minister responsible for the Act establishing the federal Dominion of Canada. He was bent on extending the same principle to South Africa, and in 1877 he sent Sir Bartle Frere to Capetown to carry into effect a scheme of federation approved in that year by the Imperial Legislature. But conditions in Africa differed widely from those in Canada: the fates were adverse to Carnarvon and Frere, and thirty stormy years were to elapse before circumstances permitted the consideration of any scheme for the union or federation of the four self-governing colonies in South Africa.

I have told elsewhere the story of the making of the present constitution of South Africa,* and it has been told in greater detail and from first-hand knowledge by Mr R. H. Brand in his 'Union of South Africa' (1909). Mr Brand emphasises the fact that though the constitution contains elements of federalism it is technically, and indeed essentially, unitarian. The legislature is a sovereign body, unfettered by any limitations imposed upon it in the interests of the component Provinces which are reduced to a position of marked inferiority as compared with that of the Canadian Provinces, and still more with

* In 'The Evolution of the British Empire and Commonwealth,' Nicholson and Watson, 1939, and in 'The Mechanism of the Modern State,' Oxford Clarendon Press, 1927.

that of the component States of the Australian Commonwealth. The Union Parliament has not merely legislative but constituent authority, and is therefore free to amend or repeal any clause of the constitution. In fine, that constitution is not rigid—though it is written and embodied in an *Act* of the Imperial Parliament—but flexible. Flexible constitutions and sovereign legislatures are incompatible with any form of real federalism, such as that adopted in Canada, Australia or the United States, or Switzerland. In each of those countries special machinery was devised for constitutional amendment.

Of the last enough has been said. It remains to show that all the other three constitutions—though differing considerably *inter se*—conform in essentials to the true federal type. The circumstances which in each case led to the adoption of a federal scheme were strongly contrasted, and in each case have left their mark on the resulting constitution.

As early as 1777 the English colonies, which in the preceding year had declared their independence, had agreed to certain Articles of Confederation which were formally adopted by the several States on March 1, 1781. The confederation was little more than a league of friendship between a number of States proclaiming themselves to be sovereign and exceedingly tenacious of their independence. So long as the war lasted the confederation from sheer necessity held together, but how badly it worked we may learn from the almost despairing appeals addressed to Congress by George Washington, or from the critical commentary of Alexander Hamilton. The coming of peace accentuated the shortcomings of the embryonic constitution. 'The whole country,' wrote Mr Choate, one of the ablest ambassadors ever sent to this country from Washington, 'was drifting surely and swiftly towards anarchy.' Yet to induce the thirteen jealous and jarring republics to enter into any closer form of union was no easy task. A small group of enlightened statesmen, headed by Alexander Hamilton, might have failed to accomplish it had not the opposition of the most obdurate separatists been at last broken down by the spectacle of complete chaos in finance, in commerce, and in foreign relations. American federalism was in fact born of sheer necessity. The constitution was drafted in

a convention which met in 1787 under the presidency of Washington at Philadelphia and was ratified in 1788. But it is intelligible only if it is recognised that it is complementary to the State constitutions upon which it was superimposed. The federal constitution as M. Émile Boutmy has vividly expressed it:—

'is like a body of which you see nothing but the head, feet, and hands, . . . while the trunk containing the vital organs is hidden from view. The essential part . . . represents the constitutions of the separate States.'

In America, however, as in other federal States, centripetal forces have, in late years, gained rapidly at the expense of centrifugal tendencies. None the less must it be emphasised that the residue of powers is still vested in the States.

That is true also of the Australian Commonwealth. The latter constitution was finally enacted as a Statute of the United Kingdom in 1900, and was approved and accepted by each of the six Australian colonies. Not, however, without meticulous regard for their independence. Large powers are, under the Statute, conceded exclusively to the Commonwealth; other powers, also carefully enumerated, are exercised concurrently by the Commonwealth and the States, but all the residue of powers are vested in the States. Unlike Canada, but like South Africa, Australia can amend its own constitution without even a nominal reference to the Imperial Parliament. No amendment can, however, become law until it has been approved by a majority of the States as well as by a majority of the electors acting on a *Referendum* in the Commonwealth as a whole. As in America the States are represented equally, irrespective of population, in the senate, nor can any amendment affecting the rights of any State in the federal legislature become law without the specific approval of a majority of electors in the State concerned. The constitutional position of the states was further safeguarded by section ix of the *Statute of Westminster* (1931). Yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, disputes, mostly arising from financial and commercial relations, have, not infrequently, occurred, and in June 1934 the Parliament of Western Australia went so far as to pass a resolution in favour of secession

from the Commonwealth. Fortified by a State *Referendum*, Western Australia then petitioned the Imperial Parliament, praying it by legislation or otherwise to 'effectuate the withdrawal of the people of Western Australia from the Federal Commonwealth,' and to restore that Colony to 'its former status as a separate and distinct self-governing colony in the British Empire.' The Imperial Parliament, while affirming its legal competence to amend the *Commonwealth Act*, declined to receive the petition on the ground that 'it would not be constitutionally proper for it to legislate for the internal affairs of any dominion, or self-governing state or colony.' The decision, though doubtless prudent under the circumstances, must sensibly weaken the position of the British Parliament as an Imperial Legislature. Western Australia remains a component State of the Commonwealth which has wisely done its best to meet the grievances of which the State originally, and not unreasonably complained. Secession is, under the circumstances of to-day, evidently unthinkable.

The Canadian Provinces are in a very different position from the Australian States. The respective designations are in themselves significant and correspond with legal facts. The Provinces, as already explained, exercise only the functions delegated to them under the Act of 1867. But friction between the central and local governments has not thereby been averted. Generated in both quarters, it has been accentuated by recent events. On one side, certain Provincial governments, including those of Ontario, New Brunswick, and British Columbia, denied the validity of various statutes dealing with industrial and social matters enacted in 1934 and 1935 by the dominion legislature on the initiation of Mr R. B. Bennett's ministry.

The issue was somewhat complicated by the fact that the statutes were passed in accordance with conventions adopted at Geneva under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. This point was raised and learnedly argued when the case came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, but was not allowed to divert attention from the broader issue. That issue was fundamental. What are the rights and powers assigned by the constitution to the Dominion and Provincial parliaments respec-

tively? On the particular case the Privy Council decided in favour of the Provinces. Mr Bennett's 'New Deal' (as it was locally labelled) was consequently invalidated. Nor was there any ambiguity as to the ground on which the judgment of the Judicial Committee was based.

'The legislative powers [in Canada],' said Lord Atkinson, 'remain distributed. . . . While the ship of state now sails on larger ventures and into foreign waters she still retains the watertight compartments which were an essential part of her original structure.' *

The same truth was enforced from the opposite quarter when the Dominion Government put the brake upon the 'Social Credit' policy, adopted in Alberta at the instance of its Premier, Mr Aberhart. Three Acts passed by the Legislature of Alberta in 1937 were declared by the Supreme Court of Canada to be *ultra vires*. The Provincial Government of Alberta appealed to the Privy Council which (July 14, 1938) dismissed the appeal, thereby affirming the decision of the Supreme Court of Canada, and declaring the action of the Alberta Legislature to be *ultra vires*. How grave the matter had become may be judged from the warning uttered by Mr Meighen—the former Prime Minister—in the Senate at Ottawa (May 18, 1938). Canada, he said, is 'on the edge of a crisis which portends disintegration.'

The truth was fully realised in Canada. In August 1937 the Royal Commission, as already mentioned, was appointed. Fundamentally the crisis arose from the economic blizzard which swept through the world in 1930-31, and, incidentally, led to the fall of the Socialist Ministry and the formation of a National Government in the United Kingdom in August 1931. Canada, which, up to 1929, was on the full tide of prosperity, was beset by 1931 by the problem of widespread unemployment. The poorer Provinces, particularly those which were almost wholly dependent upon wheat growing, could not meet the cost of relief. Mr Bennett's 'New Deal' of 1934-35 was designed to meet the difficulty, but the enactment of those statutes was, as we have seen, declared by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to

* Jan. 28, 1907. Technically the Judicial Committee does not of course deliver judgments, it merely makes recommendations to the Crown.

be beyond the competence of the Dominion Parliament, and consequently to be null and void. Many conferences were held between the Dominion and Provincial authorities in the hope of finding a solution which could be applied without recourse to constitutional amendments. All in vain. Hence the appointment of the Royal Commission.

Reduced to its simplest terms the problem presented to the Commission was, whether to relieve the Provinces of some of their financial responsibilities by transferring them to the Dominion Government, or to leave to the Provinces their existing functions, but place at their disposal greater financial resources wherewith to discharge them. Consequently, the Report of the Commission, and its recommendations, are concerned almost exclusively with finance. But obviously much larger and even more delicate questions loom in the background. Was the federal system itself to be maintained? Was the 'autonomy' of the Provinces—already existing merely on the delegation of functions carefully enumerated—to be respected in its integrity? Or to be further curtailed? Or abolished? A judgment of the Privy Council, delivered by Lord Haldane (Dec. 17, 1931), had already questioned the true federal character of the Dominion of Canada. Only in a loose sense could the term 'federal' be applied to the constitution embodied in the Act of 1867. That Act, in the view of the Privy Council, 'departs widely from the true federal model.'* Sir John Bourinot, with all the authority attaching to the Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada, maintained a contrary opinion. The 'distinct and separate existence' of the Provinces was, he argues,

'expressly reserved for all that concerns their internal government. . . . Far from the federal authority having created the provincial powers, it is from these provincial powers that there has arisen the federal government to which the provinces ceded a portion of their rights, property, and revenues.'

Legally the Privy Council was, plainly if rather pedantically, correct. The actual historical sequence justified Sir John Bourinot.

In their Report, the Commission—after the manner of

* See report of the judgment in 'The Times,' Dec. 18, 1913.

commissions—suggested a compromise. It pronounced definitely in favour of the principle of a *division* of powers which is an essential feature of every federal system, but recommended that the principle should be applied with less rigidity. The flexibility, characteristic of unitary constitutions, might (in the view of the Commission) be secured to Canada by the device of concurrent legislation and jurisdiction between the Dominion and the Provinces, and by the mutual delegation of power by the one authority to the other. Recommended specifically in reference to marketing legislation, it was suggested that the principle should be generally applied, and that if the Dominion were able to delegate any of its legislative powers to the Provinces and *vice versa*, a convenient means would be provided for 'dealing with specific questions as they arise without placing any limitation on the power of either the Dominion or the Provinces.' Closer cooperation might also be facilitated, it was suggested, by providing for frequent—perhaps annual—meetings of Dominion-Provincial conferences, which have 'hitherto met at infrequent intervals.' These conferences should, it was urged, be provided with an adequate and permanent secretariat.

On the whole, however, the Commission was very emphatic as to the importance of maintaining intact the legislative 'autonomy' of the Provinces, and in particular their control over their social and welfare services—with one important exception. Unemployment it held to be a national problem. The causes of unemployment are nation wide: the relief of it imposes 'burdens erratic in their incidence and unfair as between Provinces.' For the relief of unemployment the Dominion Government must, then, accept exclusive responsibility, and to that end must obtain from the Imperial authority power to introduce a national system of unemployment insurance. That power was, in fact, given by an amendment to the *British North America Act* of 1867 carried through the Imperial Parliament, with exemplary promptitude, in July 1940.

The Commission, insisting that their aim was to 'adjust the dominion-provincial relations in terms of the economic life of 1939 along much the same lines as the *British North America Act* established them in terms of the economic life of 1867,'

made many other recommendations. They are based on the principle that the Dominion, having the exclusive right to levy indirect taxation, must accept the responsibility for enabling the Provinces to meet their liabilities. Widespread disaster to primary industries (e.g. agriculture) would compel the Dominion to assume direct administration and financial responsibility. A similar result would ensue if the present scheme of non-contributory old age pensions were to be superseded or supplemented by a contributory system. In view of the very unequal economic development of the various Provinces equity demands that 'national adjustments grants' should no longer be given on an equal *per capita* basis, but be apportioned to the different Provinces according to their needs. The Dominion should also assume responsibility for all Provincial debts, receiving in return the interest derived by the Provinces from their investments. Further, the Provinces would have to agree to restrictions upon their borrowing powers and surrender to the Dominion the right to impose taxes on personal incomes, corporations, and succession duties. Education and the cost of it was to remain a Provincial responsibility except in respect of small annual grants to universities and for research purposes. For minor and purely consequential recommendations reference must be made to the Report, its voluminous appendices, or to the summary published in the 'Canada Year Book' for 1940. Enough has been said to indicate that the Report, though dealing specifically with the problems that have arisen in Canada, has a more than local significance; and the hope expressed by the commissioners that their recommendations will provide the 'maximum advantage to the nation, the Provinces, and individual citizens' will be widely re-echoed.

From the foregoing survey of federal and quasi-federal systems it should be possible to infer the essential characteristics and presuppositions of that form of government.

The units anxious or willing to cohere must, while repudiating the idea of unity, desire union. The units should preferably be roughly equal in size, in population, and in wealth. The Imperial Reich established in 1871 in Germany was vitiated by the predominance of Prussia. The movement towards federation in the British Empire

in the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century was frustrated by the inequality of the proposed units, and by the apprehension, not unnatural, on the part of the Dominions that 'federation' would really mean 'unification' under the predominant partner. Federations are made, not born; they must be the product of a deliberate and conscious act of political construction. The product must be embodied in a written document or *Instrument*. The American Constitution was in the nature of a treaty between thirteen independent republics. Its terms can, therefore, be varied only by the deliberate action of the parties to the pact. Hence a federal constitution must be not merely written but rigid, and for its revision special machinery must be provided. In the United States, Switzerland, and Australia the machinery is elaborate. In Australia revision does not, however, involve reference to the Imperial Government; in Canada it does; the *British North America Act* contains no provision for constitutional amendment. Only by an amendment of the Act itself by the Imperial Legislature can revision therefore be effected in that dominion. It results from the foregoing conditions that in every federal government state there must be some body, presumably judicial in character, entrusted with authority to safeguard the constitutional Instrument, and competent to interpret its terms. There must also be, in accordance with Montesquieu's famous dogma, a precise distribution of powers; on the one hand between the several organs of government—executive, legislative, and judicial; and on the other, between the federal government and the governments of the component States.

The importance of the last point has been the main thesis of the present article, but important questions arise also in connection with the federal organs. Should the executive be presidential, as in the United States? If so should the president be directly or indirectly elected? Or 'directional' according to the usage of Switzerland? Or is the English parliamentary system preferable? If so, has the experience of Canada and Australia proved cabinet government to be compatible with federalism?

As to the legislature there is general agreement that in a federal state it must needs be bicameral. Lord Acton, indeed, went so far as to base his preference for

federalism specifically on this ground. 'The federal system,' he said, 'affords the strongest basis for a second chamber, which has been found the essential security for freedom in every genuine democracy.' But if a second chamber be an essential element in all federal systems, what form is it to take? The *Bundesrat* in the federal empire of Germany merely reflected the predominant position of Prussia. The Canadian Senate is a nominated body and has functioned none too successfully. The cantons of Switzerland, the States in the Australian Commonwealth and the American Republic have equal representation in their respective senates without regard to population. But there still remains the question, how the senators are to be chosen. If the federation is to be not a mere league of States but a true federation of peoples, it would seem to follow that the 'First' or 'Peoples House' should be directly elected by the electors on the registers of the component states. There is much to be said also for having the senators who represent not peoples but States elected by the State legislatures.

Among other questions which have to be faced are the trade relations of the several States, their colonies and dependencies, and—not the least difficult—the question whether a member of the federation can secede.

The bare enumeration of the foregoing problems without elaboration or discussion will suffice to illustrate the problems that will demand solution if the attempt be made to federate not merely coherent and relatively homogeneous communities like those to be found in Australia, Canada, and the United States, but countries geographically separate, racially heterogeneous, politically diverse and long accustomed to the exercise of untrammelled sovereignty. This is not to say that the problems are insoluble, still less that the search for a solution should be discouraged. Montesquieu held that a 'confederate republic' was the only practicable alternative to absolute monarchy. John Stuart Mill said: 'Where the conditions exist for the formation of efficient and durable federal unions the multiplication of them is always a benefit to the world.' Since Mill wrote, Canada and Australia have come into existence to justify his not unconditional assertion. But the conditions remain inexorable.

J. A. R. MARRIOTT.

Art. 4.—THE POLLOCK-HOLMES CORRESPONDENCE.

The Holmes-Pollock Letters. Harvard University Press.
2 vols.

THE date March 8, 1941, was the centenary of the birth of a remarkable American, one who, if we were to fit merit into categories, might be credited with something between the A3 of 'highly distinguished' and the A1 of 'really great.' He was a great lawyer: that no lawyer doubts. He was among the handsomest of men: his many lady admirers would all bear witness to that. He had been a gallant officer: twice dangerously and a third time more lightly wounded in the Civil War. He was one of the finest talkers of his time: I shall testify on the point. A respectable classical scholar, he was thoroughly conversant with French and German, being widely read in both languages besides in his own, and was an insatiable student of philosophy with ideas on the subject that tinged his whole attitude towards life. No one who ever met him failed to be conscious of a rare personal charm. Yet behind it everyone felt a polished, lucid intellect and a backbone of tempered steel.

This American of many talents was Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger, only son of Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of the famous 'Autocrat at the Breakfast Table,' and other works justly popular in their day. The father had as great charm as the son—perhaps more; but the son had beyond doubt the greater brain. O. W. Holmes, junior, became, first, Professor of Law at Harvard University, whence he had graduated, then successively Associate Justice and Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and finally, in 1902, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which exalted office he held for thirty years. He died in 1935 on the eve of his ninety-fourth birthday.

In 1874, Holmes, who had already visited England in eight years before, met Frederick (later Sir Frederick) Pollock, known to all his friends as 'Fred,' or 'F.P.' Pollock was born in 1846, took his degree at Cambridge, second Classic and seventeenth Wrangler, in 1867, and was called to the Bar in 1871. There were nearly five years

between Holmes and my father, who died, aged ninety-one, in 1937, two years after his friend. The friendship begun in 1874 lasted for sixty-one years, and was carried on in the correspondence, unbroken for fifty-eight, which has now been published at Harvard University on the centenary of Holmes' birth. By the wish of Holmes' literary executor, Mr John G. Palfrey, and by my own, the original letters have been presented to the library of the Harvard Law School.

In his admirable introduction to the published book Mr Palfrey remarks that the mere preservation of correspondence between two men over so great a length of time would be remarkable, but that between two men of such distinction it may be unique. During this period there were some dozen visits of Holmes to England or of Pollock to America; the intervals were filled with an exchange of letters that, after the first few years, became regular and close. Beginning with matters of purely legal interest in which both men were absorbed professionally, their letters came to be a running commentary on life, the humanities, and events, though with less emphasis on the last, in which the legal theme, though never absent, sometimes almost took a back place amid the multitudinous interests of two singularly penetrating minds.

No one could ever have thought of applying to either of these two lawyers the epithet *dryasdust*. Pollock was a mountaineer, a first-rate fencer, an excellent writer of verse; he would have disclaimed the name of poet. He had in his make-up more than a touch of mysticism, visible in his momentous work on Spinoza, which fitted in well with Holmes' airy floating over all systems of philosophy. Holmes had, perhaps, fewer definite interests outside the law than my father, but he had a wider interest in life itself. His contact with life was essentially practical; Pollock's was primarily intellectual. Without the law, and even within it, Pollock's learning had a greater sweep than that of Holmes; thanks to an amazingly retentive memory, an uncommon power of selective absorption, and omnivorous reading, he grew to be unquestionably one of the most learned men of his day. Holmes' approach to law was that of a teacher and a judge, Pollock's that of a universal student who became a universal master. Where they were united was in their constant practice, that can

be seen in the letters as well as in their published works, of bringing all cases and all speculation down to principles.

It was this habit of viewing everything from the standpoint of principle that made Pollock's advice on the crisis of the abdication of King Edward VIII decisive. While the legal advisers of the Crown were searching in an agitated vacuum for non-existent precedents, Pollock went straight to first principles of constitutional usage, and drafted the heads of a Bill which, in the upshot, were very closely followed by the Act of Abdication. Had Holmes still lived at this date, no one could better have appreciated the perfection of method employed and the simplicity of result obtained. The ideas of the two men were in large measure complementary, while they met closely on the solid ground of their immense legal competence, their contempt for shams, false definitions, and facile success, their vast learning, and their devotion to the subject that my father, in a pleasing conceit, personified as 'Our Lady of the Common Law.' The two men who were later to be called 'the Nestor of English lawyers' and 'the American Blackstone' were made to understand one another.

How Holmes and Pollock first met cannot be definitely established. It might have been through Leslie Stephen, who had been to America in 1863 and had met Holmes in Boston, recovering from his third wound. Stephen was a lifelong friend of my father; mountaineering, history, literature, and philosophy formed their common ground, and together they founded the famous walking club 'The Sunday Tramps.' It is also possible that O. W. Holmes the elder was a friend of my grandparents. Sir W. F. and Lady (Juliet) Pollock knew almost every man of letters and artist of their time: Thackeray, Trollope, Spedding, Fitzgerald, Macready, George and "Willie" Richmond, Tennyson, Carlyle, and a host of others were among their friends. They certainly knew Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was in England from 1852 to 1860, and it may well be that one or other had made touch with Dr O. W. Holmes during his sojourn in Paris, with visits to this country, from 1833 to 1835. Support may be lent to this view by letters to Dr Holmes from my uncle, Walter Herries Pollock, and other members of the family, which suggest an already existing warm acquaintance before what has been called the

American author's 'triumphal progress' in England in 1886. An entry on June 19, 1874, in my grandfather's 'Remembrances':—'Wendell Holmes (son of Oliver) . . . came to sit by my side in Judge's Chambers'—seems too to imply previous acquaintance with the father. My own, and only, childish recollection of 'The Autocrat' is at my parents' house in Great Cumberland Place; but that was many years after my father had come across his son.

Here, since I do not know that they have ever before been published, I venture to insert the following verses, written by my father in America, after, for the first time, meeting the elder Holmes:

PAULO POST

To O. W. Holmes

On halting feet, all out of time,
It creeps, a month and more belated;
Yet this one plea may save my rhyme—
For living sight and speech it waited,
Sight long desired, at length attained,
Speech heard in dreams when those bright pages
Were music to the mind o'erstrained
By converse with less gentle sages.

At Cambridge, mother of that fair
And valiant daughter here before me,
When picking bones of learning bare
At sundry times did somewhat bore me,
As oft in weary mood I sat
And wished the sum of books were lesser,
My monarch was the Autocrat,
My chosen tutor the Professor.

Subject and learner, now as then,
As then I felt it, now I know it:
My pen—a life Professor's pen—
Hails Autocrat, Professor, Poet:
Take, wise and genial friend of man,
Your reader's homage—ask not whether
Of British or American,
But English one and all together.

F. POLLOCK,
Cambridge, Mass. Sept. 30, 1884.

It is in any case clear that Pollock's friendship for the son was quickened and enhanced by his admiration for the father.

For an inveterate letter-writer Holmes the younger had one curious characteristic: a handwriting of almost unsurpassed illegibility. The delivery of a letter from 'the Judge,' as he was known in our family, was always an occasion of joy. Not only because the matter, when it could be got at, was sure to be full of interest, but also because the getting at it was a process that exacted the utmost ingenuity and often a good deal of imagination. At the first blush you would take Holmes' script for a fine piece of calligraphy: it had a certain beauty of its own. But in the same second you became aware that something was surely amiss with your eyesight. What had seemed from their general shape and spacing to be words dissolved into hieroglyphics. The longer they were studied the more obscure they became, until you wondered whether any message at all lay hid therein. It was as if a demented fly had followed the writer's pen across the page. Reading Holmes' script demanded similar methods to those involved in deciphering bad seventeenth-century handwriting. Either you had to fling yourself into midstream with a deep breath and a prayer, in which case the meaning of the whole might be made plain to your subconscious ego; or you had, with microscopic trouble, to worry out a word here and there and then carefully to build up the context round such islands of clarity as might emerge. It will be appreciated that to warrant and to provoke the taking of such pains gladly, Holmes' letters must have been good. It is noteworthy that some passages in them have baffled even the long, loving inquest conducted by Mr Palfrey and his willing band of helpers, first and foremost among them, Mr Mark De Wolfe Howe, Professor of Law at the University of Buffalo, who, as editor of the published letters, has furnished notes of capital importance on the facts and persons touched on in them.

The mass of the correspondence is such that excision on a liberal scale had to be practised. Professor Howe has wielded the blue pencil with discretion and ability. Probably only readers totally addicted to letter-reading would find much to regret in the parts omitted, for which fate matter chiefly of private interest has been selected.

If Holmes' fist was crabbed, so was not his thought nor the expression of it. Nothing could be more felicitous than his phrase, gay or serious. Did, for example, any man fashion a lovelier word about a woman than Holmes, when his wife died in 1929? 'For sixty years,' he wrote to Pollock, 'she made life poetry for me.'

Well might my mother write to him on a different occasion: 'You are a lucky man to be able to clothe your fine thoughts in such delightful words.' For Holmes' correspondence with my father was far from exhausting his epistolary appetite. My mother did not preserve all of his letters to her; but they corresponded frequently and some of hers to him too survive, moving from her signature 'Yours very truly' in the 1880's to the 'Always yr. affectionate old friend, Georgina H. Pollock' of this century.

I cannot forbear from quoting a detached postscript from her, dated by its contents:

'By this time I hope you sufficiently hate the Germans? Clever, ingenious, oh yes! but not really *intellectual* since a century ago, only pickers up of unconsidered trifles & admirable adapters of the brains of others—for the rest, for moral qualities—well, the door of Hell was left ajar & out came the people we now call Germans.'

Another of Holmes' correspondents and woman friends in England was Lady Desborough. In a letter of June 13, 1906, my father writes to him:

'There was a function of the Epée Club at Lord Desborough's (W. H. Grenfell) place at Taplow just before Whitsuntide . . . and I had some talk with Lady D. in which you held an honourable place. I regret to say she had no clear notions either of the dignity of your Court or of the difference between State and Federal jurisdiction. But she was quite willing to take your magnificence on trust. She can certainly be charming.'

Holmes was, in the best sense of the word, a great ladies' man. He revelled in their society, his pen was stimulated by them, his conversation with them was as good as his letters to them, or better; but it was not all women who could please him. Holmes was indeed fastidious in both men and women. He did not suffer

fools gladly. Priggishness, pedantry, simpering affectation, more than the slightest touch of the blue stocking, put him off. So did want of good looks. He liked pretty girls, but what interested him still more were women of the world with enough brains and beauty to meet him on his own level. With them, if he was not at his best, he was never far below it. Lady Desborough and my mother have been mentioned; Mrs W. K. Clifford, Lady Castle-town, and Lady Scott are others that come to mind. Mr Richard Walden Hale, the eminent Boston lawyer and intimate friend of both Pollock and Holmes, tells me that on his first visit to England Holmes made the acquaintance of the celebrated Mrs Norton, then nearly sixty, and delighted in her company. Sheridan's beautiful granddaughter must certainly have made a fine pair in a drawing-room with the tall, dashing, handsome American wit, over thirty years her junior.

The author of 'For My Grandson' has given his opinion in that book that of all the talkers he had met, Renan, the author of 'La Vie de Jésus,' was the finest. Certainly he had a good right to express one, for he must have frequented almost every celebrated talker in England this side of Macaulay, and many in France and America. My own judgment is of far less weight: the generation of Renan, Fitzgerald, and Lord Houghton was before me; Kinglake, a highly reputed talker, I only saw as a very small boy; but I have heard the talk of first-rate talkers like Arthur Balfour, George Saintsbury, Sir Alfred Lyall, Lord Acton, my father, Andrew Lang and Henry Jackson, and of some like George Meredith, Jean Jacques Brousson, Mme Emile Duclaux, and Arthur Verrall who so scintillated that, when they were in the vein, nothing else seemed to exist in their company. The talk of M. Brousson, in particular, can be likened to nothing but a perpetual cascade of fireworks. Yet of all I have heard it seems to me that the talk of Oliver Wendall Holmes was on the whole the best.

If the best talk is a monologue, then Macaulay and George Meredith must be accounted easy firsts. True, when I knew George Meredith he was very deaf; but his style of talk must always have been the same. It was a marvellous performance, a Niagara of description, allusion, instruction, criticism, reminiscence, apparently as effort-

less as it was ceaseless, full of learning, poetry, wit, and of laughter too. But it was not conversation: all that others present could do was to shoot a question from time to time that reopened the flow, if it showed signs of slackening. It is said that once Meredith let John Morley monopolise the conversation; but Morley was an editor, and a novelist may have reasons not to cut across an editorial stream of words. In general, Meredith had his say unchallenged.

Holmes' talk was not like that. Nor did it belong to Fitzgerald's kind of talk, the witness being again my father, designed to form the thread for the pearls from others' lips. Still less like the style of J. Comyns Carr, and 'Charlie' Brookfield, the most celebrated *raconteurs* of their time in London. Story-telling is a different art. Holmes talked a great deal and as the natural centre of the company in which he found himself. His pleasant, high-pitched voice with its slight burr lent an almost impish charm to the fluency with which he would catch a subject, toss it into the air, make it dance and play a hundred tricks, and bring it to solid earth again. There was no trace of flippancy, but a spice of enjoyment even in the serious treatment of a serious subject. Nor is 'impish' altogether the right word. If there was often a good touch of Puck in Holmes' talk, it was rather perhaps in the end Prospero who came to mind, for it was rare that he talked without elevating and ennobling his subject. As he talked he drew inspiration from his company; he challenged and desired response, contradiction, and development. He liked to have the ball caught and tossed back to him, so that he could send it spinning away again with a fresh twist. Talk was a means of clarifying ideas, of moving towards the truth; but it was a great game too.

Like all outstanding players of games, Holmes disliked being squeezed out of the centre court. It can rarely have happened to him, but I saw it happen once. I had taken Holmes down to Box Hill to see George Meredith. Meredith, on being presented with the gambit, 'I think you know Henry James?'—who was a family, if not much of a personal, friend of Holmes, and was then at the height of his reputation—replied, airily, 'Ah, the young man from Harvard!'; made no further allusion to the American

writer, but proceeded to give one of his finest monologues for over half an hour, without giving Holmes the chance to get a word in edgeways. Holmes was distinctly put out. On another occasion he himself subjected to a similar ordeal a talker far more vain of his prowess than Holmes. This was Andrew Lang, and it must be admitted that Lang deserved the treatment. He had been asked to meet Holmes, and on coming into the room went up to Holmes, looked him over with ineffable insolence, and said: 'So you are the son of the celebrated Oliver Wendell Holmes.' 'No,' replied Holmes promptly, 'he was my father.' And then, snatching the play from his momentarily abashed opponent, Holmes launched into a disquisition that left Lang completely on one side and with his nose seriously out of joint. Yet even on a rare occasion such as this when Holmes kept the centre of the stage for himself alone he never pontificated.

For a man of his eminence Holmes preserved to the end of life a geniality that, if qualities could be translated into action, must be called genius. He scorned ineffective enthusiasm or mere bustle: he demanded reciprocal interest; but once he got that, no one could be a more inspiring companion, because he sought to give as well as to receive pleasure. In later life, writes Mr Palfrey in his introduction, Holmes 'delighted in keeping abreast of current thought and in seeing and talking to younger men whose ideas he found stimulating whether he agreed with them or not.' I knew him so from the beginning, that is, from my childhood onwards. This delightful characteristic was at the core of Holmes' brilliance as a talker. He seemed to want just as much to know your opinion as to impart his own. A fount of youth was visible in him. It could never occur to a younger man that he was not talking to one of his own age. Nothing could better illustrate this than the fact that, when I was an undergraduate, Holmes came up to spend a week-end with me at Cambridge. He stayed in a set of the less good undergraduate rooms in college empty for the moment, took his meals with me, walked with me, met my friends, smoked and talked as only undergraduates can, enjoyed himself, to all appearance, hugely, and left, without, I believe, the Master and Fellows having an idea that they had had a man of note within the gates of Trinity. Holmes was

then Chief Justice of one of the most famous States in the Union. Could, say, Lord Russell, Lord Reading, or Lord Hewart be imagined indulging in such simple enjoyments? The same sincerity that made this possible in Holmes infected his talk, and, however wilfully fantastic it might be at moments, was, I think, the basis of its charm. Dr Johnson's remark about Edmund Burke, the rain, and the stranger was no less applicable to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Talk passes, letters remain. Some, indeed, prefer them. In the Pollock-Holmes letters are to be found many wise and not a few witty things, and for such as like them there are plums to be picked. It was highly characteristic of Holmes, in a letter to my mother, to write :

'You have the advantage of me as a correspondent. There is an infinity of facts, gossip if you like, that you can tell me about, whereas I have no information on any theme short of the Cosmos.' The Cosmos indeed figures often in Holmes' letters and under his light-fingered pen becomes a subject of interest, anguished or entertaining according to his mood. Here is a passage, also to my mother, with a touch of both :

'All I mean by truth is the road I can't help travelling. What the worth of that *can't help* may be I have no means of knowing. Perhaps the universe, if there is one, has no truth outside the finiteness of man. "To what height my spirit is ascending." To come down, let me recommend "Japanese Plays and Play fellows," by O. Edwards, as a very pretty and clever and interesting book—with some insight in it. The Japanese attitude, so far as I can picture it, on moral questions seems to me sounder than our own—with us morality tends to become a branch of Oxford exquisiteness—like Burne-Jones's pictures. And exquisiteness is a doubtful good—needing much battle and sudden death to justify it. My uncle John Holmes always had to smoke 5 cent. cigars for fear that his taste should have become too refined.'

A third, beginning 'Beloved Lady,' has this gem : 'We always exempt ourselves from the common laws. When I was a boy and the dentist pulled out a second tooth I thought to myself that I would grow a third, if I needed it. Experience discouraged this prophecy.'

Sometimes Holmes wrote to both my parents together—'Dear Pollock and Ly. Pollock,' and one such letter provides an observation that goes deep.

'The trouble with all explanations of historic causes is the absence of quantification—you never can say how much of the given cause was necessary to provide how much effect—or how much of the cause there was. I regard this as the source of the most subtle fallacies.'

Which leads a few lines further on to :

'My intellectual furniture consists of an assortment of general propositions which grow fewer and more general as I grow older. I always say that the chief end of man is to frame them and that no general proposition is worth a d.'

To Pollock alone : 'At this moment my serious reading is Rabelais—whom I have alleviated by McKechnie's *Magna Carta*.' And again to 'Dear F.P.' :

'I think pragmatism an amusing humbug—like most of W.J.'s (William James) speculations, as distinguished from his admirable and well-written Irish descriptions of life. They all seem to me to be of the type of his answer to prayer in the subliminal consciousness—the spiritualist's promise of a miracle if you will turn down the gas.'

At the end of the same letter : 'I heard the other day that you can tell a Bostonian anywhere, but that you can't tell him much—which I thought good.'

From Pollock to Holmes :

'We hope to see Henry James and his chameleon—a chameleon that walked in from a neighbour's garden and has settled in H.J.'s greenhouse. It seems an appropriate creature for him, and having lately been at Assisi I imagine an extra chapter of the *Fioretti*—Chome un agnioto di Dio apparve a frate Ziacomo con forma di chameleone, ed egli ebbe grandissima consolazione.'

In a postscript on a post card : 'What is the nationality if any of a child of Filipino parents born on board a French ship in the harbour of Port Said ? Fact, I am told.' Another legal conundrum runs : 'Have you found any logical reason why mutual promises are sufficient consideration for one another ? (like the two lean horses

of a Calcutta hack who can only just stand together)—I have not.'

Sharp claws show sometimes on both sides the Atlantic. One of Holmes' aphorisms runs: 'Good intentions are no excuse for spreading slanders.' In answer to a question from Holmes re 'Psychology applied to Legal Evidence' by G. F. Arnold, which, he said, 'showed the arrogance of an outsider who thought no lawyers knew anything about philosophy,' Pollock returns:

'I diagnosed an acute but uninteresting case of œdematous encephalitic paranoia—Anglice, a d—d conceited ass with a swelled head who had read a little law in books without understanding it and thought he could teach lawyers their own business.'

And in a P.S. :—'N.B. Œdicephalitis runs in the tribe of Arnold more or less.'

Enough has been said to show that the Pollock-Holmes correspondence contains stuff for divers palates.

It is related that Tennyson having told a dull story, one present complained: 'That story has not much point.' 'No,' retorted George Venables, Tennyson's great friend and the model for Thackeray's Warrington, 'but it has a pretty good knob.' In this half-century of exchanges between Frederick Pollock and Oliver Wendell Holmes the going is never heavy, and few of the points will turn out to be mere knobs.

JOHN POLLOCK.

Art. 5.—THE WAR AND NORTH-EAST AFRICA.

THE object of this article is to examine the effect of the war on North-East Africa from a point of view more permanent than the phase of actual hostilities, and to endeavour to distinguish between the factors that are subject to change and those which remain constant. For this purpose account is taken of the situation before the outbreak of hostilities in the region comprising Egypt, the Sudan, Italian East Africa, and British and French Somalilands; the effect of hostilities on the position in these territories; and the settlement which will have to be reached at the end of the war. Events in Libya are only taken into account in so far as they affect North-East Africa.

Served by the natural communications of the Nile and Red Sea, North-East Africa has long been an important transit area; and its significance in this respect has been greatly increased by the coming of the internal combustion engine, more especially by recent developments in aviation and motor transport. Without these modern means of transport Italy could not have occupied Ethiopia, and the development of that great region of mountains, plateaux, and deserts would have been practically impossible. Hence, before the war, natural communications were being strongly reinforced by artificial communications with an ever-increasing speed in transport. This was beginning to bring about an almost revolutionary change in the whole position of these African territories, and in their relations with one another. There seemed, indeed, to be great possibilities for North-East Africa, not only as an area of transit between Central Africa and the Mediterranean, but also in the development of its more backward parts, and in increased trade between territories hitherto inaccessible to one another for practical purposes. It therefore seemed opportune that, as a result of the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty and Anglo-Italian Agreement, a policy of international cooperation had emerged to put these modern inventions to the best use in regions where good results could be expected. The stage was set for a general drive of development and progress, with Britain, Egypt, and Italy working together for their mutual benefit; and, with a settlement of the Jibuti question,

France would have taken her place in the general plan of cooperation. But Mussolini thought he knew better than Garibaldi, and staked all he had gained in his war in Ethiopia in the hope of gaining still more from Britain and France. The pitiful plight of the Italian colonists in Ethiopia to-day should be for all time a reminder of what happens to those who are never content with what they have got.

Let us consider these prospects in more detail. Egypt obtained her complete independence at a time when civil aviation and motor transport were greatly increasing her geographical significance as a transit country between north and south, as well as between east and west. Consequently, the Egyptians were anxious to make use of improved transport to extend their influence throughout North-East Africa, and to cooperate with others for mutual benefit. This was apparent in their wish to extend the Egyptian railway system to connect with the Sudan railways at Wadi Halfa. A drawing closer of Egypt and the Sudan was a prominent feature of pre-war policy in Cairo, though partly as a stepping-stone to closer economic relations with Italian East Africa. This looked like forming the connecting link in cooperation between the countries of the Nile and those depending to a considerable extent on the Red Sea. The opening up of trade and transit between the Sudan and Italian East Africa held out a good prospect of bringing additional wealth to the Sudan, and of creating a substantial encouragement for internal development and for making more use of the country's natural resources. A constant flow of passengers and goods over the frontier en route to and from Khartoum, Port Sudan, or Egypt would have stimulated a desire to profit by building up local industries and creating new services. Indeed, it looked as if economic pressure from Egypt, and to a greater extent from Italian East Africa, would bring about an active policy in the Sudan to make the most of the new situation for the benefit of British, Egyptians, and Sudanese alike. In a lesser degree Kenya and British Somaliland hoped to gain from the many aspects of progressive colonisation carried out by the Italians across the frontiers.

Although Italy's development projects were chiefly agricultural, a substantial beginning had been made in

the setting up of essential industries, and much construction work had been done. The main arterial roads are an outstanding example of this. Also, there had been progress in research work of many kinds to find out the country's true wealth, and how best to make use of it to satisfy local needs and for export purposes. As the only useless country is that occupied by the mountain massives and low-lying deserts, the scope of these investigations seemed to be almost unlimited. In the south and south-west, the territories inhabited by the non-Amharic peoples offered the best prospects for cultivation and rearing of livestock, but much of the land on the higher plateaux was also thought suitable for the settlement of agricultural colonists. It was still too early to say much about mineral resources, but experts had good reason to be moderately optimistic. Of timber there is a large and varied supply in the regions within comparatively easy reach of the Sudan frontier, and the cultivation of coffee and cotton can be carried out in many localities. It is not too much to say that there are few cereals, vegetables, or fruits that cannot be grown somewhere in the varied altitudes and climates of Ethiopia. While these are among the chief resources of the country, they are in sufficient abundance over a wide area to justify development on a large scale ; and there is no doubt that millions of European colonists can be settled in localities where the soil is fertile and the climate good.

The Italians aimed at making Italian East Africa a self-supporting unit for war purposes, as well as a source of raw materials and foodstuffs ; and in this they might have succeeded to an appreciable extent in course of time. This being so, the potential resources of this area must be taken seriously into account in taking stock of the post-war world. Such material development as has been carried out since the Italian occupation has in itself been a decided move in the right direction, and it has made possible the abolition of slavery by providing work to take its place. Improved communications and transport have made possible administrative reforms which would otherwise have been impracticable. To this also is due the rapid setting up of a reasonable system of justice, the beginnings of a general system of education, the establishment of a badly needed medical and public health service,

and many other institutions and services beneficial to the native population as well as to the Italians. But the two inventions that have really transformed Ethiopia from an unwieldy region of inaccessible parts into a more or less compact territorial unit have been the aeroplane and wireless. The awakening, due to five years of European occupation, was just beginning to bring changes to the more remote districts when the war began, and these districts are the real Ethiopia. The principal centres, which are few in number, were being rapidly changed into European towns with native quarters, and the natives living there were mesmerised by the glamour of European superficialities. What the change really meant to them had not even begun to sink into their minds. While it is right to say that the Italians have proved themselves, here and elsewhere, to be good colonists, it is wrong to say that they have been good colonial administrators. With neither the experience nor the necessary confidence and trust in one another, the average Italian official was not in a position to assume much responsibility. Most of them concentrated their attention on trying to please their superiors, regardless of whether they believed the decisions of those above them to be sound or the reverse. With few exceptions they constituted an army of 'yes-men.' Yet, with these serious deficiencies, it was remarkable to see what they had done in so short a time.

Naturally the British and Anglo-Egyptian territories bordering on Italian East Africa hoped to benefit considerably from having European neighbours in the place of a mixture of uncivilised African races. This was especially so in the case of the Sudan, which had suffered much in the past from its neighbours across the eastern frontier. In regions such as the frontier districts of the Sudan, Kenya, and British Somaliland, public security is of primary importance. In the days of the former Ethiopian Empire frontier raiding was a constant nuisance, if nothing more serious, and it was often accompanied by slave-trading, rifle-selling, and general smuggling. With the Italian occupation all this practically ceased, while tribal warfare in these districts was considerably reduced. This was the natural result of having a civilised neighbour with whom agreements could be made with satisfactory results. By means of such agreements the questions of

frontier rectification and grazing rights were in some cases on their way to settlement and in others actually settled. The abolition of slavery by a stroke of the pen, only possible in conjunction with development projects on a grand scale, relieved the frontier districts of one of their greatest difficulties. Most important from the Sudan point of view was the opening up of the four transit routes at Kassala, Gallabat, Kurmuk, and Gambela. This meant road construction, improved transport, and increased trade and transit. What was done on the Italian side would have to be continued in the Sudan. As the Italians wanted to use the Sudan railways and Port Sudan as an outlet for Western Ethiopia, the desirability of the Sudan providing the necessary facilities was more than obvious. In civil aviation Italian communications increased the importance of the Sudan as a transit country, and by 1939 Khartoum had already become a centre of air services to Egypt and Europe; to Central and South Africa; to West Africa; and to Italian East Africa. The economic possibilities for the Sudan were therefore becoming considerable. While Kenya was only affected by the prospect of increased trade by improvement of the route via Moyale, British Somaliland hoped to profit from arrangements made with the Italians for the use of the ports of Berbera and Zeila. Italian development and colonisation could not have failed to encourage the neighbouring territories to turn all they had to the best account. The water power of the Sudan could have been made use of for new industries; new services to meet the varied needs of increased traffic would have appeared; and many trades and industries, indirectly connected with communications and transport, would have come into being.

But the effect of material development cannot be confined to material results. Progress, as here envisaged, would have led to a higher standard of life, to a greater degree of civilisation, and to a wider appreciation by the Sudanese of the world in which they live. In herself the Sudan is a poor country, but she has possibilities of increasing her wealth by making use of her geographical position to cooperate with her neighbours. It is therefore most desirable that the Sudan should have a civilised and progressive neighbour in the east to complement

cooperation with Egypt in the north. The possibilities for British Somaliland were, of course, much restricted, owing to the desert nature of the country, but even there cooperation across the frontier provided an incentive to make more use of the small resources available.

One of the best examples of economic cooperation on the Sudan frontier was a timber project in Western Ethiopia. An Anglo-Italian company was formed to exploit the timber resources of the Upper Dadessa Valley. This company applied for a concession to float the timber down the Blue Nile to Roseires, and to have it cut up and worked in the Sudan for export through Port Sudan. This looked like being the first of many enterprises of a similar nature, and there were prospects of applying the same principle to products such as vegetable fibres, hides and skins for tanning, and rubber obtainable from the *Forbia Candelabra* tree. In the matter of Lake Tana there was also benefit to be derived from cooperation, especially in the questions of water control, power generation, irrigation, and soil erosion. The knowledge and experience of hydraulic engineers and irrigation experts from Egypt and the Sudan would have been invaluable to the Italians, who in turn could have contributed their experience of road construction and motor transport questions. There were, indeed, a great variety of ways in which expert knowledge and experience could have been exchanged, and information pooled for the benefit of North-East Africa as a whole.

A short time before the war Lord Hailey strongly advocated this principle, and in his celebrated book * urged combined effort in the solution of African problems. So important did he consider the whole question of African research, that he recommended the voting of funds for this purpose by the British Treasury as a capital investment from which most valuable benefits could be expected in the future. To this he added a further suggestion

‘that the difficulty which is now felt in readily obtaining information should be met by the establishment of an African Bureau covering social, economic, scientific, and administrative problems, which will constitute both a clearing-house and

* ‘An African Survey,’ by Lord Hailey. London, 1938.
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a source of assistance to all those who are pursuing research or inquiring into African questions.'

This last conclusion was also reached at a conference on Africa held in Rome in 1938 at the Royal Academy of Italy. A great quantity of valuable and up-to-date information was put into a common pool by experts from all the European nations with territories or interests in Africa. The various governments interested in the development of North-East Africa would greatly benefit after the war from a local organisation of this kind.

There only remains to mention the possibility of rationalisation of production, which can only be the outcome of the closest economic cooperation. In the agricultural territories of North-East Africa this is important, because the trade of most of them is parallel rather than complementary. Nor need rationalism have been confined to production. It could also have been applied to water and other resources, labour and services of different kinds. Not only would this have increased the entire region's productive and transit value, but would have bound together Italy and her neighbours in an increasingly homogeneous whole.

The foregoing details are sufficient to show the need for cooperation between these adjacent territories, and that the only changeable factor of importance in the pre-war situation was the European civilising influence in Ethiopia. Practically all the other factors were determined either by geography or by the state of the countries and their inhabitants. In other words, the opportunities for North-East African progress on increasingly homogeneous lines still remain, provided that Ethiopian policies are subject to efficient European help and advice. There can be no question of reverting to the state of affairs prevailing in the Ethiopian Empire prior to the Italian occupation.* The Ethiopians have at last begun to move forward, and civilised Europe must see to it that they continue to do so in their own interests as well as those of their neighbours. Progress and cooperation with her neighbours must be a permanent feature of Ethiopian policy, and this must be irrespective of any position which Italy may hold in Africa after the war.

* See 'Ethiopian Realities' by the present writer. London, 1936.

When Italy declared war on Britain and France, her leaders threw aside the Anglo-Italian Agreement, from which she had everything to gain, in a desperate gamble for more conquests; and her policy of construction became one of destruction. Italian strategy in East Africa was based on the superior tonnage of the Italian Fleet in the Mediterranean, and on the hopes of Graziani succeeding in his assault on Egypt and the Suez Canal. Mussolini's plan was to defend his position in Italian East Africa until success in Egypt gave his troops there the opportunity to strike. His defensive plan consisted of minor operations against Kenya, the Sudan, and Aden, and including the occupation of British Somaliland. The object of this was to forestall any British advance by certain routes, and at the same time to set up advanced bases for major operations in the event of an Italian victory in Egypt. In this event he intended to launch a grand offensive from these advanced bases, with the object of exploiting his success in Egypt by extending Italian domination to the whole area from Egypt to Kenya and from the Somalilands to the Western Sudan. The Italian East African force was to strike at the Sudan, Kenya, and Aden as soon as the word was given. Unfortunately for the Italians, events in Egypt went in the opposite direction from what they had intended. The reduction of the Italian Fleet to immobility, and the brilliant victories of the British Army of the Nile, had the immediate effect of transforming the Italian forces in East Africa from an isolated but potential striking force into a beleaguered garrison.*

Encouraged by British successes farther north, the Ethiopians began to harass the Italians, and to gather round their chiefs in support of the Emperor Haile Selassie, who was organising a native force with British help in the Sudan. That many of the natives were hostile to the Italians goes without saying, but there were others more likely to be friendly or disinterested. The Amharas, a warlike people who had been deprived by the Italians of their position as the ruling race of the Ethiopian Empire, were naturally hostile; but they comprise only

* Nevertheless, this force, under the Duke of Aosta, has shown itself capable of holding a large number of Imperial troops at a time when they were badly needed in Egypt.

one-third of the population previously ruled over by the Emperor. The remaining two-thirds are a miscellaneous mass of subject races, differing greatly from the Amharas, and in many cases from one another, in race, religion, language, and customs. Some of these peoples were more likely to be friendly to the Italians, who had relieved them from Amharic oppression. Yet there is no doubt that British victories in East Africa itself have now made all these races look to the winning side. Every effort has been made by the Emperor and others to stir up as much opposition as possible by means of guerrilla warfare, sabotage, and other harassing measures ; and an organised Ethiopian force has been put in the field. Meanwhile, the Emperor, now back in Addis Ababa, has the full backing of this country, including the unstinted sympathy and support of many who have in the past opposed his policies and methods.

As a result of the Italo-Ethiopian War and his long sojourn in England, Hailé Selassié returns to his native land a more enlightened monarch, having learned the bitter result of obstinacy and refusal to open his country to the forces of progress. The Italians, it may be hoped, will also have learned that aggression does not pay ; that disaster comes to those who open their mouths too wide ; and that it is dangerous to declare war on the British Empire, however tempting the opportunity may be. Speaking in the House of Commons on February 4, the Foreign Secretary expressed British recognition of Hailé Selassié's claim to the throne of Ethiopia, stating that the British Government agree with the Emperor's wish for outside help and advice, which should be the subject of international arrangement at the conclusion of peace. It is presumed that the future of the races subdued by Menelik about forty years ago, and which thence became victims of oppression by the Amharas, will be decided in the same way. In view of what has happened in the last five years, the settlement of this question will not be simple ; nor will the status of the help and advice given to Ethiopia be easy to define. As Ethiopia is already a member of the League of Nations, a mandatory system is impossible. It therefore looks as if a regime will have to be devised analogous to the British position in Egypt before the last war. In many ways there is a similarity

between the position in Egypt at the time of the British occupation and that in Ethiopia to-day, the main difference being that while Britain went to Egypt on her own initiative she could go to Ethiopia at the request of the Emperor. While the former hinged on the protection of the Suez Canal, the latter would be partly connected with the security of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. But, apart altogether from the question of imperial communications, it seems likely that a British advisory system, based on mutual confidence and benefit to both parties, would meet the needs of the Emperor and at the same time satisfy our desire for a policy of civilisation and progress. Although it is too early to say what position or facilities other Powers might have in the development of Ethiopia, it is possible that here also Egypt might be taken as an example. But there are other reasons why Ethiopia might well follow Egypt along the same track.

Egypt, a non-belligerent nation in close alliance with Britain, has no doubt profited economically by the war. She is playing a vital part as the base for our Army of the Nile, to which she owes her security, and naturally is making use of necessity as an opportunity to develop further her local industries and means of communication. After the war she should be, materially as well as financially, in a good position to extend her economic influence in the direction of Ethiopia via the Sudan. There has been since the earliest times a close sympathy between the Egyptians and Ethiopians, based on hospitality given by the latter to Moslems after the flight from Mecca ; and the Church of Ethiopia is closely bound to the Coptic Church in Egypt, whose Patriarch had the right to elect the Abuna until this long-established practice was terminated by the Italians. Also, in more recent times, Egypt has passed through a difficult period of adolescence as a modern state, and is therefore likely to have some understanding of the problems about to face the rulers of Ethiopia. It would indeed be strange if the great movements now taking place in Egypt, and further south in the Sudan, do not act as a strong stimulus to widespread endeavour after the war to make the most of what Nature has provided in the countries of the Nile and Red Sea. Men from all corners of the earth are now soldiers in these countries, and these are the men who will fashion the

world of to-morrow. North-East Africa, and its future possibilities, could have no better advertisement than that which is afforded by the war and the presence of British Imperial troops and their allies. The war has set in motion a traffic up and down the Nile Valley and into Ethiopia which may have the most far-reaching consequences when the machines of war come to be replaced by the methods of peace. Yet it will be no easy matter to find a satisfactory peace settlement in the territories hitherto known as Italian East Africa ; nor will the path of the new Ethiopian Government and its advisers be a smooth one. Their task will be long and arduous, but its rewards should be well worth the high degree of determination, patience, and singleness of purpose that will be necessary.

While it may seem premature to talk of peace settlements at the present stage of the war, it is nevertheless advisable to consider beforehand what action should be taken in certain eventualities. For the purpose of getting some idea of the kind of settlement that may be reached, it is necessary to be quite clear about the objects in view. It may be presumed that these are : to satisfy justice ; to preserve peace ; to facilitate easy working and progress ; to improve the conditions of the native inhabitants ; and to safeguard British interests. In the interests of justice the Emperor Hailé Selassié has rightly been assured of British recognition of his claim to the throne of Ethiopia, which in itself inflicts on Italy some penalty for aggression. But, if peace is to be preserved, Italy's colonial needs must be taken into account. For the same reason attention will have to be paid to disarmament ; and to the arrangement of territories in such a way as to minimise the causes of political friction, and to satisfy as far as possible respective economic needs. The purely practical aspect will have to figure prominently in any territorial settlement, the object being to facilitate working relations between the governments concerned, and between them and their native populations. As far as the native populations themselves are concerned, it will be important to follow, wherever practicable, the principle of putting native races under the protection of the nations best suited to supply their respective needs. British interests might well be served

by military safeguards, by giving help to others, and by peace-preserving alliances.

It is presumed that the territory to be returned to the Emperor will comprise at least the historic Ethiopia—Amhara, Tigré, Gojjam, and Shoa. This was the Ethiopia of Menelik before he subdued the races afterwards incorporated in the Ethiopian Empire. Ethiopia proper is chiefly inhabited by Amharic-speaking Christians, who constituted the ruling race in the feudal system prevailing before the Italian occupation. This is the part of Italian East Africa that has caused the Italians most trouble. The difficulty, however, arises with regard to the territories peopled by the former subject races, and for the settlement of this question there seem to be three possible alternatives. First, to return them all to Ethiopia, thereby restoring the *status quo ante* on the understanding that they are included in the regime subject to European advisers. Secondly, to put them under the protection of another European Power or Powers for development and colonisation, a non-Fascist Italy not necessarily excluded. Thirdly, to let the subject races which wish to do so be incorporated in Ethiopia, and to put the others under the protection of a European Power. A return to the territorial *status quo* might be a bad beginning for a new Ethiopia, besides considerably increasing the difficulties of the European advisers. There is also the possibility that the Hararis and certain of the Galla tribes may prefer Ethiopian rule. The third alternative might therefore prove to be the most satisfactory. But there are two districts on the Sudan frontier—Gunza and Gubba—which, although inhabited by former subject races, should be included in Ethiopia to provide a corridor between that country and the Sudan. For the same reason it might be necessary to apply this principle also to the district of Beni Shangul. If preferred, the nomad populations could move into the Sudan for purposes of nationality.

There is much to be said in favour of a British advisory system for Ethiopia.* With a view to extending civilisation and continuing the progress made by the Italians, a Power with great colonial experience is needed. Moreover, the fact that the Amharas resented the presence

* In this South Africa might well participate, provided that any ideas of a 'colour bar' are excluded.

of the Italians is likely to make them cooperate better with representatives of the nation that relieved them from their late conquerors. Among other advantages are a better insurance of public security on the frontiers of neighbouring British and Anglo-Egyptian territories, together with a gradual improvement in internal security; the prevention of hostility against any European Power with a protectorate over the former subject races; and the safeguarding of Egyptian interests in the waters of Lake Tana. The British advisory system might well lead eventually to an extension of the Anglo-Egyptian Alliance to include Ethiopia. Such an alliance would link Ethiopia to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, thereby creating a bastion in the 'Horn of Africa,' open to all within reason but strong enough to preserve peace. By this means British protection of her sea communications with India and the Far East would be continuous from the Suez Canal to the neighbourhood of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. Other factors favouring an alliance are community of sympathy and interests between Egypt and Ethiopia, already mentioned, and the important question of the Nile, much of which flows for long distances through Ethiopia. This factor is based on the stability of geography which no man can change, and should constitute an adequate reason for a permanent bond between the two countries.

Britain has no territorial ambitions, so it may be presumed that Italy will retain Eritrea and Italian Somaliland (frontiers prior to 1935). What a non-Fascist Italy's position might be with respect to the fertile regions of the south and south-west, which are well suited for European colonisation, is for the peace conference to decide. She might be allowed to participate in a settlement on the lines of the second or third alternatives already mentioned; for the Italians have done some remarkable work in development and colonisation schemes. On the other hand, this might be regarded as impossible. For one reason the question would probably arise whether a defeated Italy could successfully rule over African natives with British influence so near at hand. The French, as represented by the Free French, naturally hope that the Jibuti question with Italy may be regarded as closed, but a free zone would be most desirable for Ethiopia, as also for such Power as may have the district

of Harar under its protection. Presumably the Emperor will recover his shares in the Jibuti-Addis Ababa railway, which will again be the main outlet to the coast.

North-East Africa, as a whole, is not a great fertile area, but a region with valuable resources of a most varied nature scattered throughout its wide domains. It has the benefit of being a great transit area, especially so in view of modern transport developments. Much can be done to extract the best results obtainable from its natural resources by political and economic cooperation, by the application of twentieth-century methods, and by turning to the best account transit opportunities. Rationalisation in many directions can not only increase this region's production and transit value, but can also bind together the interests of those concerned into an increasingly homogeneous whole. Policies of self-sufficiency must be discarded in favour of a composite economic unit, with its component parts more dependent on one another in the interests of peace and for their mutual benefit. Efforts should be made to pool or rationalise, wherever practicable, resources, production, services, and information. If these territories help one another, each putting all it has to the best use in the common interest, there should be steady progress and increased prosperity. With this forward trend would come more enlightenment and a higher standard of happiness for all, European and native peoples alike. One of the mistakes the Italians made in Ethiopia was that they tried to move too fast.

The goal aimed at in this article may appear to some to be an impossible one. It is an ambitious plan, especially with the heavy task confronting Ethiopia, but with patient determination it is not only possible but certain of fulfilment. Most of the factors of which it is composed are unchangeable, and the march of events can neither go backwards nor stand still. If one set of nations do not carry out the task, another combination will assuredly do so. All that is now essential for the development and progress of North-East Africa as a composite unit is a strong European civilising influence in Ethiopia to take the place of Italy. Success never depended on that influence being of Italian nationality.

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Art. 6.—FUNDAMENTALS.

1. *The Human Situation.* By W. Macneile Dixon. Arnold, 1937.
2. *Embryos and Ancestors.* By G. R. de Beer. Oxford University Press, 1940.
3. *Das Gedächtniss als allgemeine Funktion der organisierten Materie.* By E. Hering. Karl Gerold's Sohn, Vienna, 1870.
4. *Life and Habit.* By Samuel Butler. Trübner, 1877.

It is truly remarkable that in time of peace so little interest is taken in real, central problems of existence. In time of war, for those who have opportunity to think between spells of duty, it is urgent to think out the fundamentals.

It would appear to be an elementary question to ask : How have things come into existence? Yet it is but seldom raised, and when it is raised, evolution is generally accepted as the answer. But it is another of the most remarkable facts that evolution is a doctrine which, apart from its main generalisation, is far from clear and is not agreed upon by the experts. It is in many minds still regarded as the same as the theory of natural selection, which of course it is not, and that theory is under serious challenge.* The main generalisation of evolution, universally accepted, is that things have changed very much. Natural selection is (or was) supposed to explain how some changes, in inheritance, got added to each other while others were eliminated. We are referred to 'variation,' 'mutation,' or 'differentiation.' But no explanation whatsoever is offered of how the changes themselves came into existence.

The only clue we have to the development of a new 'character,' in the biological sense, in our own experience is that by repetition of an action the power to perform it increases. First there must be a sense of want, then faith enough to try, and then, if the action is successful, repetition continued with the endeavour to perform the action successfully. To be sure, this does not produce a new

* See, for example, 'The Course of Evolution by Differentiation or Divergent Mutation rather than by Selection,' by J. C. Willis. Cambridge University Press, 1940.

visible organ, but we have reason to believe that it does produce modification in the nervous system, however slight, and it does produce the power to perform the action successfully. Moreover, if a human being exercises his biceps, for example, the actual physical organ develops. Man carried the development of tools and appliances outside his body to an extent that wholly marks him off from other animals. As he did so, he left off developing new physical powers that are readily visible because further development was of controls through the nervous system.

Professor Whitehead has pointed out that many biological structures and functions are clearly purposive and that it is no solution of the problem to ignore this because certain changes have been explained in terms of physical and chemical action. As another writer has put it :

'If the parts of a bird's body are not purposively combined in a purposive organism, then they must have come together by chance. I have tried to think how particles of lifeless matter might by chance have formed themselves in a million years into the bones, muscles, digestive and respiratory organs, blood, flesh, skin, feathers, wings, etc., of a bird, all the parts coordinated and unified with the vital principle of life, and I find it absolutely impossible to imagine how it could happen at all.'

There is no escaping the fact that there is intelligence manifested in the structure of living things that altogether transcends the conscious minds of the living things concerned. The intelligence manifested is not that of God or of a god ; it is put to extremely cruel as well as good uses and is distinctly limited. (Helmholtz, it will be remembered, wrote of the human eye : 'If an optician sent it to me as an instrument, I should send it back with reproaches for the carelessness of the work and demand the return of my money.') But that the intelligence is there cannot be denied.* The butterfly's eye contains 5000 lenses and 50,000 nerves. The cuttlefish and the vertebrates developed eyes on their own account in wholly different ways and from different parts of the body. Within the human brain there are some 18,000 millions of

* It is what we indicate when we speak of 'Nature' contriving this or that.

microscopic nerve cells ; they are grouped in myriads of battalions, and the battalions are linked together by a system of communication which in complexity has no parallel in any telephone network devised by man.

In the reproduction of the organism the germ cell bears in it both the general structure evolved by the ancestry and also very detailed features—in a human being, for example, some turn of expression—inherited from recent ancestors. It possesses the astonishing power of producing any necessary hereditary organ out of any part of itself. Utterly unlike any machine, the cells in living things can act for each other and work together for a common purpose. Professor Wood Jones has drawn attention to the fact that in the developing embryo threads come together, unerringly selecting opposite numbers, end to end, and joining to make perfect wholes, so that he has called this process 'cytocleisis.' The ancestral structure is built and modified, not merely recapitulating the ancestral history but adapting it and itself to new needs and anticipating functions.

We see, then, that in the production and reproduction of life there is intelligence and there is heredity. Let us look more closely at the heredity. The most up-to-date view of heredity is that the characters which appeared in the ontogeny (i.e. the development of the individual from its beginning to adult life) of the ancestry tend to reappear in the ontogeny of descendants at corresponding stages of development, or earlier or later, and this is due to the transmission of internal factors from ancestry to descendants.* Is there any clue to the method of transmission? In 1870, Hering, in his presidential address to the Imperial Academy of Science in Vienna, insisted that *mind is inherited from the whole ancestry, that this inheritance is memory, that it is epitomised and synthesised memory, connected with the growth and reproduction of the body and later (in the development of the individual) with remembered consciousness, and that individual experiences from the ancestry are not remembered consciously.* The theory was discovered independently and developed by Samuel Butler, whose 'Life and Habit' was published in 1877. He pointed out that a large number of functionings which

* de Beer, 'Embryos and Ancestors,' pp. 90 and 97.

are apparently mechanical are really habits that have become stereotyped, and he drew attention to the fact that human functionings can be classified as follows :

1. We are most unconscious of, and have least control over, our digestion and circulation—powers possessed by even our invertebrate ancestry, and, even biologically speaking, of extreme antiquity.

2. We are more conscious of, and have more control over, eating, drinking, swallowing, breathing, seeing, and hearing, which were acquisitions of our pre-human ancestry, and for which the necessary apparatus had existed before human history began, but which are, biologically speaking, recent.

3. We are most conscious of, and have most control over, such habits as speech, which are acquisitions peculiar to the human race.

Butler drew attention to the absolute analogy between these facts and the facts of our acquiring a series of habits in our individual lives. If one learns a series, such as a list of historical dates, one does so by beginning at the beginning and repeating a certain number of them. Through repetition these are memorised. We go back to the beginning, run through the memorised part of the series rapidly and add some. By repetition these are acquired, and so on. Always we begin at the beginning ; the earlier in the series the data are the more rapidly are they repeated, and as we come to newer data we become more conscious of them. If it be a progressive series of actions we are acquiring, such as learning to play the piano, at first we are conscious how we sit, how we hold arms and place fingers ; we are conscious of the marks on the paper confronting us. But by repetition we become unconscious of the earlier series of actions and are conscious only of those whose control we are acquiring. A pianist can progress so far that he can play a complicated Bach fugue, implying consciousness of thousands of acts of attention and movement, and yet carry on a conversation over his shoulder. Although there has been a series of acquired habits, it is possible for the controlling mind to exercise a central command of facilities.

Taking one of the functions referred to above, breathing, Butler pointed out that it is an action apparently

acquired after birth—with some little hesitation and difficulty, but in a time seldom longer than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. There would seem to be a disproportion here, he says, between, on the one hand, the intricacy of the process, and, on the other, the shortness of time taken to acquire the practice, the ease and unconsciousness with which its exercise is continued from the moment of acquisition. It looks like the repetition of a performance by one who has done it very often before, but who requires just a little prompting to set him off, on getting which, the familiar routine presenting itself, he repeats the task by rote. Butler maintained that breathing was learnt in the persons of the baby's ancestors right back in remote geological times; that there had been an accumulating organism continuing through the ancestry; and that this organism has been repeating the process of learning to breathe whenever it has found itself at the stage at which the re-learning has been called for; but that the process, through innumerable repetitions, has been facilitated enormously and epitomised.

But all this encountered the objection that 'acquired characters are not inherited.' Great as has been the deference that has been paid to Weismann and his school, yet much evidence has been adduced against the doctrine. Hering, in his address of 1870, already referred to, said:

'Theories concerning the development of the individual which insist on an entirely fresh start for every being, as though the infinite number of generations that have gone before might as well never have lived for all the effect they have had on their descendants—such theories will contradict the facts of our daily experience at every touch and turn.'

It may be suggested that the issue, after all, is simple. What is meant by 'acquired'? On the view we are following, it must mean acquired by the life, the mind, that is continuous in a given biological descent. Now to cut off tails of mice or to quote circumcision is beside the mark. These are mutilations imposed and not characters acquired by the hereditary organisms. Secondly, does 'acquired' mean 'acquired by one generation only' or 'acquired over a number of generations'? In the Weismann school the former is naively assumed, as it is by the man in the street. From the point of view of biological

inheritance, it would not be to be expected that a habit acquired in one generation should tell against the inheritance of the other parent and all the other inheritance and be visibly inherited, but only that a habit continued over a number of generations should become visibly inherited. If 'acquired' in the Weismann formula means 'acquired over a number of generations,' and it is held that such characters are not inherited, then if all living things have evolved from protoplasm, how can this have come to pass?

It is not necessary to recount the biologists who have adopted the theory of inherited memory, for that was done, up to 1910, in the preface by Professor Marcus Hartog to the edition of Butler's 'Unconscious Memory' published in that year, though the list has been added to since. It is worth remembering that the fact of inherited memory was discovered and attested by various 'laymen': e.g. R. L. Stevenson, W. B. Yeats, and Bergson, who declared 'Consciousness is memory.' But more important than the utterances of such 'laymen' is the view endorsed by the psychologists McDougall, Freud, and Jung. McDougall maintained that the immaterial basis of memory and the reality and efficacy of the teleological activities of organisms are the two main supports of any thorough-going non-mechanical biology. He noted the necessity of explaining such phenomena as infant genius, and declared that the identification of individual with racial memory, and of racial memory with the guiding factor in morpho-genesis, must result in the pervasion of all biology by psychology. Freud wrote:

'The so-called instincts of animals, which enable them to behave in new conditions of living as if they were old and long-established ones, can be explained only thus: that they carry into their new existence the experience of their kind, i.e. they have preserved in their minds memories of what their ancestors experienced.'

Jung wrote of

'the phylogenetic substructures of the modern mind, the so-called collective unconscious. They bring into our experience a psychic life belonging to the remote past. As the body is a sort of museum of its phylogenetic history, so is the mind. This psychic life is the mind of our ancestors.'

It would appear that living matter has the power to profit from experience, and as it strives to solve practically its problems of existing and increasing satisfaction, it is able to draw on a reservoir of intelligence. By repetition of an action the power to perform it increases, including the physical apparatus in the body necessary therefor. If endeavours are continued over a number of generations, organs are developed, slowly or more suddenly, and are inherited. In the reproduction of the individual, intelligence is manifested; characters which appeared in the ontogeny of the ancestry tend to reappear in the ontogeny of the individual at corresponding stages of development, or earlier or later; the ancestral structure is built up and modified, adapting itself to new needs and anticipating functions. The infant becomes mnemonically conscious as it emerges to new environment and less often repeated experience, and comes more into contact with the outside world.

'Instincts' are functionings acquired in the manner described in the last paragraph. An observer of nature of admitted competence, Mr F. J. Harvey Darton, has written:

'I cannot admit any gap or distinct point where what we call instinct is changed into what we call reason, where will and purpose are wholly separate from stimulus and reaction. You have only to watch a bird's flight to realise how impossible it is to say that wing and feather control is merely mechanical.'

We diminish, as Freud says, the over-wide gap human arrogance created between men and animals. The difference between human and specifically animal mind is, as Hering pointed out, that in the animal the functions are very limited compared with those of man: man is more open to new experience; he is born younger than other beings; a larger part of his life is post-natal. But even as to speech, for example, as Freud wrote, 'thought-connections between ideas were formed during the historical development of speech: they have to be repeated in every individual.' Jung maintains that the phylogenetic memory includes the ways our ancestors 'conceived of life and the world of gods and human beings.' Hering said: 'Without inherited memory both oral traditions and writings would be without significance for posterity.'

In inheritance certain groups of characters are dominant and others recessive. In sex, maleness is dominant and femaleness recessive, and vice versa. In the same family one red-haired child may 'throw back' to one factor in the ancestry and his dark-haired sister to another. Genius is skill accumulated in the ancestry come on top and developed in an environment adequately favourable.

2ⁿ is the number of one's ancestors that existed at the distance of a given number of generations. Within a few centuries back, the ancestors of a person now living were to be numbered by the million. On the other hand, population has increased and a number of persons are descended from common ancestors. When we look into the matter we see that mankind is very much more closely related than we commonly think. The generations are nearer to us, in another sense, than we commonly imagine. There are only some 10,000 generations between our ape-like ancestors and ourselves. Between the generation of Julius Cæsar and ourselves there are only some sixty; between the generation of Shakespeare and ourselves, only some ten. If we picture one representative of each generation standing next to the representative of the immediately preceding and of the immediately succeeding generation in a row, we see how near generations are to us that we habitually think of as distant. The closer kinship and the nearness account for the stability (in the midst of variety) and the similarities of inheritance.

Every living being starts its 'individual' life with :

1. A body which is inherited from the whole ancestry ;
2. The unified consciousness of the whole ancestry from the primordial cell onwards.

But it is clear that the new individual has the power to deal with, to modify, his total materials for life, including the inheritance, and, still more important, to react mentally and spiritually in ways largely within his control. In his mind are :

1. The unconscious, verging into the subconscious, which is the accumulated consciousness inherited from the whole ancestry ;
2. The conscious, which deals with the living life of which we are ordinarily conscious ;

3. An unconscious verging into a subconscious through which new experience, it may be of higher kinds, comes.

The oldest habits are relatively fixed ; structures and tendencies of later acquisition are more malleable ; and there are habits and refinements in higher strata whereby the past and present can be transformed into better things. Notice that it is constantly implied that the real ego is not the body or the mind or both together, but that which operates through body and mind. There is the problem of harmonising the strata. We cannot live in the top storey of our lives only ; we must from time to time descend to the lower levels we inherit : just as in a house, with its various levels and offices, the problem is to achieve as harmonious a use of the whole as possible. But the inherited house we live in is a living house, capable of indefinite, if in some parts slow, progress. Is it not true that the ego can progress not only through the progress of body and mind but also through rising superior to their limitations ?

As against the great apparent pessimism of the universe there is a solid core of optimism. True, the earth is to the universe in size as a speck of dust in St Paul's Cathedral, and life has come forth in very restricted regions of the earth. As to man, it is again true that all earth's 2000 millions could find standing room on the Isle of Wight, and, if they were packed cubically, their box would measure only half a mile each way. True, that in a cinema film showing the history of the earth in true proportion to time and running for two hours the career of the human race would be limited to a fraction of the last second, and that within the history of the earth life has existed for some 300,000,000 years and man for some 300,000. True that, even within human history, the pre-history of man covers ninety-nine per cent. of all human history in chronological extent. The answer is that quantity does not count against quality ; if it did, there would be no sense in troubling about the celebrations of such mites of a hour as ourselves. The paradox is that in the universe, both in space and time, the elemental bulks vastly ; the significant, though infinitely small in comparison, is infinitely important.

True, it is the teaching of science that the physical universe is running down. But there is one important exception, namely, that life, in spite of widespread and manifold failures, has built up and developed marvellous ramifications and attained heights of the most wonderful achievement. If we reconstruct the history of the universe from its earliest stages known to us, we watch entropy (the running-down process) working its way during eight to ten million years; but then, in the scattered order it produced, we discover in a corner of the universe the first sign of a new order, the crystal that 'grows.' Some of the substance of its own kind is in such a condition that it can be attracted to the crystal and take the form characteristic of it. Then there appears the colloid that shows likeness to life. Then there is the bacterion. From that point on emerged in the course of time the building-up process of life.

We have to explain somehow the emergence of life and mind. We know that apparently inert things really consist of energies at enormous speeds. As the running-down process continued, such energies, slowed down, could reach a condition in which it became possible for direction from within to become visible. The pressure was reduced to the measure of the power concerned, so that it could manifest itself and act visibly, increasing instead of decreasing.* Within the universe was life, which, given the conjunction of the requisite means, manifested itself. We are free, as Jung said, to hold that the psyche arises from a non-material principle which is as inaccessible to our understanding as matter is.

Suppose an act of consciousness sets up a vibration characteristic of, peculiar to, that particular act of consciousness. Suppose the centre concerned produces a second act of consciousness and that the second vibration goes with the first. A group of vibrations continuing and gross enough to be apprehended through the senses we have developed would be a 'thing,'† and if it could

* Macneile Dixon, 'The Human Situation.'

† The new view is that it is not in matter that the energies of nature reside but in what seem to us the empty intervals. This fits the view that the apparently empty intervals are the home of the psychic and originating sources of energy.

manifest sensitiveness and purpose in action, it would be what we recognise as living matter.

The universe, instead of being regarded as running down, can be likened to a volcano of life. That which at one time was the highest form of existence known to our world, apparently lifeless matter, now lies at the base of the mountain. It bulks very large. Then, by imperceptible transition, come the crystals that 'grow,' the colloid that shows likeness to life, protoplasm, cells, organisms, plants, animals, man. Man is at the apex so far attained.

The universe of life consists of a vast number of centres of feeling and striving. The objective world is how these monads have so far learnt to interpret the rest of the universe. There has been and is a struggle for a *modus vivendi* among them. There are the inherited habits of beings, some relatively fixed, some less fixed, and some hardly formed; there is the infinite possibility of adaptation and change. The universe has had within it to produce its spectators. We are of it, and we must be of it, not only physically, but mentally and spiritually as well. At the central core of the volcano is life. That which now lies at the base of the volcano is the more superficial aspect of the universe, and, as the mountain ascends, the tempo of development increases and the inner nature is developed. At the top so far attained, i.e. in the highest human beings at their best, we see the inmost nature of reality to which we have so far attained. We can say that what we discover of abiding worth is true apprehension, so far as it goes, of the nature of ultimate reality. The most highly developed centres of consciousness are most closely in touch with the central core of reality: the perimeter at the top is closer to the central core of life than that beneath.

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Art. 7.—A HENCHMAN OF STALIN: SIDELIGHTS ON
DICTATORSHIP.

1. *I was Stalin's Agent.* By W. C. Krivitsky. London, 1939.
2. *Red Pilot—Memoirs of a Soviet Airman.* By Vladimir Unishevsky. London, 1939.
3. *In Search of Soviet Gold.* By John D. Littlepage and Demaree Begg. London, 1939.

ON February 12, 1941, the London Press reported the apparently violent death of a Russian, 'General' Walter Krivitsky, in a Washington hotel. Circumstances pointed to suicide; but his friends, probably correctly, maintain the theory of murder. For they know that, during the four preceding years, he had lived under the menace of assassination; that he was in Washington to testify, before the Dies Committee, to the 'unAmerican' activities of American Communists; and that he had forewarned its secretary to discount beforehand any future report of his suicide. Their views gather further probability from the facts revealed in his remarkable volume 'I was Stalin's Agent,' which was first published at the end of 1939.

The rather sensational title of this work (for which, however, the author may not have been responsible) tended to increase the initial reserve with which the serious student approaches a work of this nature. Professed revelations, by one who has abandoned a party, concerning the associates he has left, are naturally suspect; since the temptation to blacken the comrades he has discarded, and exonerate himself, are in such cases great. In this instance, however, style and contents leave, on a reader familiar with the background, a general impression of at least relative reliability.

Walter G. Krivitsky—he does not appear to claim the title of 'General'—was by his own account born in 1899. Of his family and early youth he tells us nothing, and his statement that, at the age of thirteen, he 'joined a working class movement' is not conclusive as to his origin. In 1917, at the age of eighteen, he joined the Bolshevik party, then in its infancy, and remained for twenty years its ardent protagonist. He was appointed to a post in the

Intelligence Service of the Red Army (General Staff), and despite the fact that he seems to have been without 'bureaucratic' ambitions, rose high in that department. He married and had a son; his one brief reference to his personal affairs tells us that, though he worked from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, and though his allowance enabled him to live in moderate comfort when employed on foreign missions, his Moscow apartment was never adequately heated, nor could he afford milk for a two-year-old son.

As his departmental duties lay altogether in the Kremlin, or in foreign countries, Krivitsky can tell us little of Russia's internal economy. He did not come in contact, as did the young airman Unishevsky, with the sordid inefficiency of Russia's industrial life. He had only the most fleeting, if horrifying, glimpses of Russia's agricultural tragedy. He consorted almost entirely with the official world, especially with the officials of two associated departments, the Comintern and the Ogpu. The highest post to which he attained, that of Chief in the West European Intelligence Service of the Russian General Staff, permitted him no actual intercourse with Stalin, to whom he never seems to have had direct access. But his chief, General Berzin, with whom he appears to have been on confidential terms, was frequently called into consultation by the Politbureau and its formidable Head, and not seldom reported to Krivitsky the actual words of the omnipotent dictator. He is therefore able to throw considerable light on events which have perplexed the world.

Thus his views as to the relations between Stalin and Hitler—one of the most crucial questions which agitate present-day opinion—are clear and demand consideration. Thus he defines concisely, but witheringly, Stalin's views on the Comintern. Moreover, during the Civil War in Spain, he became a principal agent in Spanish affairs; while his elucidation of Ogpu methods is the fruit of actual experience. He was in Moscow during the terrible 'Party' purges of 1934-37, and believes himself to have unravelled the mystery of the summary 'liquidation' which overtook Russia's most brilliant militarists.

Through all these experiences he retained his Communist 'ideology.'

'The very fact,' he says, 'that my work was concerned with the defence of my country against foreign enemies prevented me from thinking much of what was happening within its borders, and especially in the small inner world of power politics. . . . I knew of Separatist and Fascist plots that were being hatched on foreign soil, but I was out of contact with the intrigues inside the Kremlin.'

And when the grosser crimes of Bolshevism shook his Communist complacency ; when Stalin rose to power over the bodies of Lenin's closer intimates ; when millions died of hunger as a result of Stalin's ruthless policy ; when starving children haunted the palatial rest-house where Krivitsky spent his holidays ; when he first saw Russian peasants herded like cattle from one prison camp to another ; the rise of Hitlerism and the slaughter of Socialists at Vienna drove him back upon the belief that, whatever might be the mistakes of its leadership, the Soviet Union remained the sole hope of mankind.

It took three more years of OGPU atrocity (directed this time against the Communist party itself), and, at last, the final reconciliation of Stalin with Hitler to break the ties forged in early youth.

But we must return to Krivitsky's narrative. It opens dramatically enough with June 30, 1934. Stalin has called the Politbureau together to consider confidential dispatches. These, which have only just arrived, depict Hitler's drastic method of 'liquidating' opponents, whether of the Right or of the Left. Krivitsky has toiled feverishly all night to prepare a summary of these reports for the use of Marshal Voroshilov, and is now only waiting for the return of his own immediate chief (General Berzin) who, as technical adviser, had been summoned to the conference. In the ante-room discussion of the massacre is rife and many Russians presume they must spell the ruin of Hitlerism.

What was Stalin's view ? From the crucial meeting Berzin returns at length to convey the Great Man's pronouncement.

'The events in Germany' (Stalin maintained) 'do not at all indicate the collapse of the Nazi regime. On the contrary they are bound to lead to (its) consolidation . . . and to the strengthening of Hitler himself.'

In fact (according to Krivitsky) the 'day of the long

knives' left on Stalin a profound and indelible impression and decided the trend of his policy in both foreign and party relations. In the one sphere he resolved to propitiate, in the other to imitate, Hitler.

Let us take the first result first.

The aftermath of the Great War had more or less drawn together the then ruling elements in two hitherto antagonistic countries—Germany and Russia. 'The Soviet Union and the German Republic,' says Krivitsky, 'were then being treated as outcasts; both were in disfavour with the Allies; both opposed the Versailles system'; and both had experienced, he adds, 'the rapacity' of the Allies. They had, moreover, some common interests, some traditional business ties, and at that moment some reciprocal military needs. The last were the most urgent, for, under the Weimar Republic, it was the 'Rump' of the German General Staff which, though discreetly self-eclipsed, really mattered. If, therefore, the Rapallo treaty had proved the firstfruits of this approximation, a secret military understanding had quickly followed. The German General Staff wanted training-grounds for the manoeuvres of artillery and of tank personnel (both of these being forbidden by Versailles), and, further, desired facilities for the development of air and chemical warfare. All this the Soviet Government was willing to supply. The Red Army, on the other hand, required expert military advice, and the German General Staff was ready to provide it. Trade, too, as we have said, furnished a secondary bond. The Germans needed concessions and openings for investments; the Russians, machinery and engineering instructors; each got what he wanted.

The advent of Hitler, at first, disturbed neither of the parties. Early in 1932 a member of the German General Staff remarked to Krivitsky himself: 'Let Hitler come and do his job and then we, the Army, will make short work of him.' With this forecast Stalin himself seems to have originally agreed; but the 'blood bath' of 1934 raised the hitherto insignificant adventurer enormously in Stalin's estimation. 'Hitler,' says Krivitsky, 'had demonstrated for the first time . . . that he knew how to wield power; that he was a dictator, not only in name, but in deed.'

What were Stalin's motives, and what his aims, in pursuing a policy of appeasement towards the new Autocrat? Primarily, no doubt, to secure his western (or, in other words, his European) frontiers, from the possible—and if Hitler's 'Mein Kampf' were to be believed—the probable encroachment of Hitler.

But behind this primary and preliminary urge there may be suspected vaster implications. Security in the West enables Stalin to concentrate his powers against possible encroachments in the East—against Japan, Russia's ancient enemy; against Japan, victor of 1904; Japan, whose grip during so much of the Civil War lay so heavy on Siberia; and finally Japan the conqueror of Manchuria. It enabled Stalin also to consolidate encroachments of his own. Has he not already, in all but name, annexed China's two most northerly dependencies—Northern Mongolia and Sin Kiang? Has he not thus reached the northern foothills of the Himalayas and of gold-bearing Thibet?

Mr Littlepage's valuable work, 'In Search of Soviet Gold,' points out that Stalin, himself an Asiatic (and, we may add, a modern incarnation of the typical Eastern tyrant) is really, in the last resort, most concerned with the development of his Asiatic empire. For in this vast and unbroken stretch of half-developed territories he foresees an inexhaustible source of raw materials. Furnished with these, he believes not only European but Asiatic Russia may become a hive of industrial activity, and rival indeed the U.S.A. itself.

But whatever Stalin's ulterior fears, whatever his ulterior designs, it is Krivitsky's belief that a Germano-Russian understanding has been, during the last seven years, the goal of all Stalin's intrigues and aspirations, however apparently devious.

'Stalin's whole International policy,' he says, 'during [these] years, has been [merely] a series of manoeuvres designed to place him in a favourable position for a deal with Hitler. When he joined the League of Nations, when he proposed the system of collective security, when he sought the hand of France, flirted with Poland, courted Great Britain, intervened in Spain, he was calculating every move with an eye upon Berlin. His hope was to get into such a position that Hitler would find it advantageous to meet his advances.'

As Radek, Stalin's journalistic alter ego, told Krivitsky (even at the very moment when Radek himself was collaborating with Stalin in the 'Geneva' camouflage): What mattered ideological differences between the two States—what Hitler's persecution of Communists in Germany—compared with the vital material interests of Soviet Russia?

The original reactions of Hitler are more in doubt. At the first he received Stalin's advances but coldly, which may or may not have been a mere withdrawal before the leap. He slackened, for instance, the military liaison which had cemented the two armies. It was not indeed till the spring of 1935 that he reluctantly consented to grant Russia a very considerable loan. By this, however, Stalin was 'tremendously encouraged.' 'How,' he said, 'can Hitler make war on us when he has granted us such loans? It is impossible. The business circles in Germany are too powerful, and they are in the saddle.'

But Stalin apparently did not recognise till later on (when certain intrigues were revealed by the exertions of Krivitsky) that at the very moment of this grant secret negotiations were on foot at Berlin between the Japanese military attaché and Herr von Ribbentrop, Hitler's confidential diplomat. These envisaged strict collaboration between the parties in both hemispheres. The pact also included clauses concerning the sharing of military secrets and the exchange of military missions; but it contained no reference to Communism whatever. Rumours got abroad; to camouflage these the 'Anti-Comintern Pact' was publicly signed, in professed contemplation of 'ideological' collaboration only. But Stalin took his revenge. Litvinov, on his orders, made public the terms of the real German-Japanese treaty; in which, as we have said, Communism was not even mentioned.

It was, however, no doubt the realisation of this alarming alliance between the two potential enemies of Russia, and the consequent menace of a war on two fronts, which impelled Stalin to intensify his underground efforts at a German-Soviet understanding. These culminated dramatically, as we are only too well aware, in the spectacular Russo-German pact of August 1939.

And what, may we ask, were really the secret provisions of that remarkable compact?

Time, we think, is gradually unravelling the mystery. We can inquire now with more precision than in 1939: 'What has Stalin gained? What price has he paid?' And we can supply, at last, some provisional answers.

This, at least, must be conceded. In his primary object, the at the worst temporary security, the at any rate temporary revision of his European frontiers, Stalin has brilliantly succeeded. With Hitler's own complicity and without the dreaded arbitrament of war, he has recovered half Russian Poland, and recaptured the weak Baltic Buffer States, which Hitler might have so easily overrun; if he has not yet conquered Finland, he has at least secured those districts which, in German hands, might menace the defences of Leningrad. He has thus persuaded Hitler to concur in stultifying his own Ukrainian ambitions. Moreover, he has paid the price, so to speak, mainly in foreign coin. Austria, the Sudeten lands, Czecho-Slovakia, the French Alliance, and, not improbably, the northern Balkans have been sacrificed—and this without a word or a blow. But one valuable Russian asset he has also jettisoned. The treaty with Hitler, says Krivitsky, dealt a death blow at the already dwindling strength of Bolshevism's most powerful instrument—the so-called Comintern or Communist International.

To elucidate this point we must return to that previous and vast side issue, the Spanish Civil War.

The outbreak of the Spanish Civil War and the almost immediate intervention of Germany and Italy may have taken Stalin by surprise; it certainly placed him in a very serious dilemma.

The Communist party in Spain, though of long standing and specially active in Barcelona, was then very small; numbering, according to Krivitsky, not more than 3,000 adherents. But it had recently, like all other local Communist bodies, gained enormously in importance through Stalin's brilliant improvisation (if his indeed it were) of the 'Popular Fronts.'

The Communist International, as Krivitsky points out, had, in its many scattered attempts at Communist uprisings in all parts of the world, been uniformly unsuccessful; with disastrous results for the participants. But the 'Popular Front' system (or Communist-inspired coalition of all so-called 'Left' parties) first enunciated at Moscow

in 1936 had proved much more productive. It had disarmed and enervated opposition, especially among so-called 'intellectuals,' and had given to the Communist International unlimited avenues of intrigue. Of this full use had been made; with appalling results to the countries—mainly France and Spain—in which the 'Popular Front' had become fact. To the hopes it inspired in the Left, and the fears it inspired in the Right, we must ascribe both the Spanish Civil War and, later on, the miserable collapse of France.

Stalin, who heartily despised the motives and personnel of the Comintern, since export of the dogmas which have carried him to power no longer interests him, was no doubt aware that the Communist party of Spain was not, from the Moscow point of view, particularly orthodox, either as to tenets or allegiance. As regard the former, there was probably little to distinguish it from the prevailing (and chaotic) national anarchism of Spain; while its attachments seem to have allied it rather with the followers of Trotsky than with those of Stalin. But he was fully aware of its organisational value to Russia's own interests. A worldwide system of inter-communicating channels, it formed an ideal canalisation for the distribution of Russian influence, Russian interference, and Russian gold. Still more did he appreciate what we may call its retroactive influence on Russian internal politics. As the supposed representation of foreign Communist opinion it was a useful tool. For his hand was greatly strengthened on all domestic issues if he could assure his Bolshevik subjects that Communist circles abroad (carefully tutored, of course, by Moscow) approved his views or his action.

The outbreak, therefore, of the Spanish Civil War, with the accession of Germany and Italy, both of them intent on Mediterranean control, was therefore extremely inconvenient to the Russian dictator. Should he intervene on the side of the Popular Front? If so, he risked the dreaded alienation of Germany; while if he did not intervene he must alienate World Communism and risk that stranglehold over Spain which he valued as a bargaining counter in the struggle for world supremacy.

He therefore temporised. The Comintern was allowed—i.e. directed—to enlist a Foreign Legion; which, incidentally, absorbed from Moscow some hundreds of un-

wanted Communist refugees, but into which no Russian subject was permitted to enter. He also squeezed out of his hard-pressed subjects some so-called voluntary funds for the relief of Spanish distress. But Russia, meanwhile, for some months, remained ostensibly neutral.

It was not, moreover, till he had secured the certainty of reimbursement in terms of hard cash that he responded to the urgent demand for even material assistance; even then, it was dispatched with ostentatious secrecy, with a minimum of technical staff, with peremptory orders to 'keep out of the firing line,' and with, as General Staff, *the Officials of the Ogpu (Central European branch)*.

Belated and scanty as it was, his assistance proved of great value to the Republican cause. The International Legion, recruited, sifted, regimented, and supervised by Ogpu agents, developed into a fine fighting force; while Russian military supplies constituted an invaluable supplement to the meagre armaments of Madrid. Republican Spain was not insensible to these benefits, and by January 1937 the membership of the Spanish Communist Party had risen to 200,000.

Krivitsky, whose sphere of action had been hitherto confined to Central European, and more especially to German areas, had no preliminary knowledge of the Spanish revolutionary problem. But, on the outbreak of the Franco revolt, he had been suddenly required to supply secret agents for the frontiers of Spain, both French and Portuguese, and from that time forth he was deeply enmeshed in the Russo-Spanish imbroglio. His account of these transactions is minute and sometimes amusing; far from amusing is the terrible background to which he also introduces us. For as Stalin's position grew stronger, his grasp upon the feeble and vacillating Spanish Government became the grasp of an octopus. The Foreign Legion, completely controlled by the Ogpu, was riddled by its spies; the War Office became a preserve of Russian agents; the Commander-in-Chief and the Prime Minister were, at last, but Russian nominees.

And how was this power used? The head of the European Ogpu shall answer, in the words he actually addressed to Krivitsky himself.

'We cannot,' he said, 'allow Spain to become a free camping ground for . . . Anti-Soviet elements. . . . After all it

is our Spain now, part of the Soviet front. We must make it solid for us. Who knows how many spies there are among [the International] volunteers? And as for the (Spanish) Anarchists and Trotskyists, even though they are Anti-Fascist soldiers, they are our enemies. . . . They are counter revolutionaries and we have to root them out.'

He was as good as his word. By the time the 'heroic and desperate' first defence of Madrid was drawing to a close the Stalinising of Spain began in earnest. The Ogpu, functioning independently of the Government and of the Ministry of Justice, became 'an empire within an empire.' 'It had its own special prisons. Its units carried out assassinations or kidnappings. It filled hidden dungeons and made flying raids!' Thousands were arrested in Madrid and Barcelona. Criticism of Stalin's methods, association with Communist heretics became treason. Spain rivalled Moscow in its methods of execution and of extorting confession, till even the hardened Ogpu men were heard to mutter that Spain was not quite a Russian colony, and till the anarchists of Barcelona rose in open revolt.

But at this moment sudden danger signals from the East excited Stalin's alarm. Japan was on the warpath and had struck at China, on the Manchurian front. Moreover, the warfare in Spain was shifting very decidedly in Franco's favour.

Stalin resolved to cut his losses. During the year 1938 he gradually withdrew from the Spain he had done so much to ruin. He thus dealt a blow at the abandoned Comintern which it only remained for a Stalin-Hitler understanding to complete.

Meanwhile, what repercussions had Hitler's 'blood bath' occasioned on internal conditions in Russia?

During the 'reign' of Lenin (1917-24) and the early 'reign' of Stalin (1924-34) successive and terrible waves of terrorism had swept over Russia. But these had only 'liquidated' such persons or classes as were held to be inimical to the Bolshevik rule. Lenin himself, so Krivitsky declares, had warned his followers against applying the death penalty to Communists, however recalcitrant. For fifteen years this 'unwritten law' had remained inviolate. Communists might be disgraced, imprisoned, exiled, cashiered, but no party members were ever put to death.

By 1931, however, Stalin's 'collectivisation' policy was producing appalling results, economic and political. Famine had evoked peasant risings, which had in turn reacted on the Army, recruited mainly from the peasants. Discontent spread next into Communist circles and even thence into Stalin's party machine. New groups were springing up within the party, urgent for a change in policy and leadership. The clandestine programme of one of these groups fell into Stalin's hands, and its contents, through Berzin, came to Krivitsky's knowledge. It called on its members to fight for the overthrow of Stalin.

Stalin thereupon summoned a meeting of the Politbureau, or Supreme Council of the Communist Party. There he proposed that the death penalty should become applicable to members of the party.

Only one speaker dared oppose him face to face: this was Sergei Kirov, secretary of the Leningrad party machine and one of the most powerful men in Russia. But he was supported by Bukharin and others, and Stalin perforce yielded.

Meanwhile, so Krivitsky informs us, the spirit of revolt was spreading like wildfire through provinces laid waste by extortion, civil strife, and ruthless suppression. Propaganda, he says, could not drown the shots of the firing squads. He considers that not only the immense mass of the peasants, but the majority of the army and of the Commissars, nine-tenths of the party officials and of the factory managers, were more or less opposed to Stalin's dictatorship.

The unrest *within* the party was the really alarming symptom, and Stalin took drastic measures. By the end of 1933 he had purged the party of a million malcontents, but in vain. Discontent continued to simmer; it lacked only a programme and leaders. The last could only be supplied from the ranks of the 'Old Bolsheviks,' the veteran contemporaries of Lenin himself. How forestall them?

On June 30, 1934, Hitler showed Stalin the way. Four months later Stalin followed it, in his own devious fashion.

During October 1934 a young Communist named Leonid Nicholaiev was arrested in Leningrad under suspicious circumstances. He was, however, summarily released by the Deputy Chief of the Leningrad OGPU, who

promptly reported in person to Moscow. Two months later, in December 1934, this same Nicholaiev shot at, and killed, the Sergei Kirov already mentioned, then secretary of the party in Leningrad.

Mystery surrounds the affair. Suspicion pointed to the complicity of the Leningrad Ogpu, of which twelve officials received illusory sentences, for negligence in releasing Nicholaiev. But yet darker suspicions lurked in the background. Krivitsky once asked an official of the Ogpu (Foreign Branch) what he thought of the matter. He responded: 'This case is so shady, you understand, that in general it is best not to pry into it. Just keep as far away from it as possible.'

This much is certain. Stalin left for Moscow immediately on hearing of the murder and, *that very evening*, promulgated an Extraordinary decree, which submitted all cases of political assassination *by whomsoever committed* to the competence of secret military tribunals. It deprived the accused of all benefit of counsel, prescribed execution immediately upon sentence, and barred all appeal or possibility of reprieve. Under this decree there suffered 200 persons accused of direct complicity in the Kirov murder; many being physically incapacitated from such complicity. A multitude of trials followed, in all of which charges of political assassination, often manifestly absurd or impossible, were sedulously introduced, and executions followed hard upon convictions. Eventually the vortex of the Terror engulfed *all* the 'Old Bolshevik' remnant, *all* the members of the Acting Ogpu, nearly all the sitting members of the governing committees or commissions (including the Communist International and the Young Communist League). Most of the Diplomatic Corps and almost the entire staff of the Moscow newspapers suffered the same fate, which also involved thousands of obscurer Bolsheviks. Krivitsky estimates the Army loss at 35,000 * officers, and it is notorious *that the heads of all the subordinate republics included in the U.S.S.R. were similarly 'liquidated.'*

The total numbers involved in the holocaust of 1934-37 cannot be even approximately estimated, but an important Ogpu official agreed with Krivitsky that during

* Sic: One may suspect a 'cypher' has slipped in somehow.

the first half of 1937 that body effected at least 350,000 * arrests.

During this dreadful period Krivitsky paid only occasional visits to Moscow but the pictures he paints for us are unforgettable. We see Marshal Tushnachevsky as he lounges, for the last time, hands in pockets, a man consciously doomed, across the Red Square during the May day parade; while bystanders edge away, as if his touch were pollution. We witness the horrible scene in the Great Hall of the Kremlin, when 'seventy howling party chiefs' vie with one another, in the presence of Stalin and the already proscribed head of the OGPU, in a frenzied orgy of mutual denunciations—a last desperate attempt at averting 'the fearful vengeance' of the Despot. We watch Rykov, the former Prime Minister, haled before the throng of fear-maddened satraps. We follow him through the saloon of his provincial hotel amid the sneers and jeers of the servile crowd. Then he passes into the shadows, where he 'hovers' till Stalin 'needs his blood,' and he comes once more into the limelight with 'an obviously impossible' confession.

On the most notorious of these tragedies—the summary execution of Marshal Tushnachevsky and eight other members of the Russian High Command, on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the German General Staff—Krivitsky, who believes himself to have borne (unwittingly) a small part in the intrigue, professes to throw some light.

According to him, friction had for some time existed between Stalin and the General Staff of the Army. Against Tushnachevsky he had long harboured a vendetta. That great strategist had been a friend of Trotsky, under whom he had served during 1920 in the Russo-Polish war; and he had been imprudent enough to accuse Voroshilov and his then adviser, Stalin, of frustrating his march on Warsaw. He was, moreover, an advocate of mechanisation, which Stalin opposed. He shared also, with the other Russian generals, in wider causes of dispute, of which there were several.

The leaders of a predominantly peasant army could not but resent Stalin's treatment of the peasants; Blücher

* See last note.

had indeed wrested from Stalin some unpalatable concessions. The policy of appeasement towards Japan, which Stalin then pursued, and has now carried into effect, was equally distasteful to the Army Chiefs. Thus, when Stalin found himself within measurable distance of an agreement with Germany, a 'purge' of the Higher Command seemed to him at once safe and desirable.

The charge of treason, on which he succeeded in 'liquidating them,' was concocted within the German Gestapo, as a routine measure of international 'mis-information'; but whether the first hint came from an Ogpu spy in the Gestapo, the ex-Tsarist General Skobline, seems uncertain. By this agent, who was also engaged in spying on White Russian circles in Paris, this story was 'planted' on one of the White Russian associations, and thence 'relayed' by Ogpu agency to Moscow. The falsity and absurdity of the charge must, says Krivitsky, have been patent to Stalin. But it served its purpose; so nine of Russia's most accomplished strategists expiated, before a firing-party, their inability to 'toe the Stalin line.'

At this time Krivitsky was actually in Moscow awaiting, probably with considerable anxiety, his own marching orders. On May 22, 1937, when the 'blood bath' of Moscow seemed about to culminate in the arrest of Voroshilov himself, Krivitsky was directed to rejoin his usual headquarters at Amsterdam.

Not long after, while on a mission to Paris, he found himself required to betray into the clutches of the Ogpu a personal friend. He refused, realised he was himself suspected, and soon learned that his friend had been murdered in Switzerland by agents of the Ogpu.

His own situation was now desperate. He claimed the protection of the French police, whose assistance enables him to evade a would-be assassin, and to escape, some months later, into the comparative safety of the U.S.A. But even there, so he tells us, Ogpu vengeance pursued him. On the first occasion, March 1939, he managed, in the streets of New York, to elude assassination. Now, however, his pursuers, it would seem, have attained eventual success; and that under the very shadow of the Washington Capitol.

H. C. FOXCROFT.

Art. 8.—DECLINE AND FALL OF ROMAN AIR POWER.

THERE is a measure of poetic justice in the downfall of the Regia Aeronautica, for pride had gone before and was followed by a fall which is likely—unless a miracle happens—to be as final as Humpty-Dumpty's. The efforts of the Luftwaffe to set it on its seat again only serve to emphasise the reality of the collapse. It has been shot to pieces by a numerically inferior Air Force in the Middle East, and nothing can ever repair the damage thus done to its morale and its prestige. It had its share of prestige before this last test disclosed its weaknesses. It had undoubtedly a number of notable performances to its credit. The Schneider Trophy contests had shown that its equipment was—at that time—good. General Balbo's mass-flight to America and back was an impressive achievement. It played a big part in the conquest of Abyssinia in 1935-36; true, there was no opposition in the air there, but the difficulties imposed by nature were capably surmounted. It did well in Spain, too, in 1936-37; there, again, the opposition was not very formidable, though at times embarrassing. Since then its might had been so glorified in and out of season by the Fascist propagandists that in Italy, at all events, it had come to be regarded as the weapon by which, above all, Italy would recover the glories of her past greatness.

'In a future war, and that means inevitably a world-war,' said General Pariani, the Under-Secretary for War, in a report accompanying the Italian Army Estimates for 1938, 'aviation will play the principal part, directing and dominating the course of the war and the course of history.' That Italian aviation was well fitted to undertake such a rôle was affirmed by Signor Mussolini himself in a speech on March 30, 1938. In the last four years, he said, the Air Force had become one of the first in the world. Its first-line strength was 'several thousand,' nearly all the machines being of the most modern type. 'As for the airmen themselves, their prowess has become legendary.' Soon there would be between 20,000 and 30,000 trained pilots. 'The rôle of the Air Force,' he continued, 'is to break up enemy formations, to command the air, and to weaken the morale of the enemy's civilian population.'

The command of the air would not stop short at Italy's land frontiers: it would extend over the sea as well. Between July 25 and 28, 1939, important air exercises were carried out by the Italian Air Force in the Mediterranean, over four hundred aircraft being employed and nearly 200,000 miles flown. Afterwards an official statement was issued, in which it was emphasised that objectives even hundreds of miles from the air bases of the squadrons engaged had been bombarded. The moral was that all traffic passing through the Mediterranean was now within striking range of Italy's air arm, and, as one commentator pointed out, those who wished to cross that sea in a future war 'can do so only with the consent of the country which controls the central zone'; which was, of course, Italy. The Regia Aeronautica was, in fact, henceforth, the guardian of *mare nostrum*, and the guarantor of it as, for Italy, a *mare clausum*.

The boast was put to the test within a year. We in Britain were already fully occupied in defending our own shores when the first clash of the two Royal Air Forces occurred in the summer of 1940. It was impossible to draw upon our metropolitan air force for the reinforcement of the Middle East. Italy challenged us at her selected time and on one of her home grounds—North Africa. She had a strong air establishment there. We could only muster a scratch team to meet her; it was a 'second eleven,' perhaps we should say a 'third,' and not even a full eleven. Not a single Spitfire could be spared from home defence: not a Hurricane was shipped to the East until the late autumn. We had only Gladiators, now practically a third string among our fighters, to meet the far more plentiful effectives of the Regia Aeronautica. Yet the Gladiators skittled the Italian machines out of the sky. When, later, the Hurricanes appeared on the scene, the *débâcle* was complete.

The Gladiator has an armament of four Browning guns, two of them, synchronised, in the fuselage, and one in each wing. The fighter machine in commonest use in the Italian Air Force is the Fiat CR42, which has only two machine-guns, synchronised and of Breda type. Both machines are biplanes and highly manœuvrable. Neither has anything approaching the speed of the low-wing monoplane fighters of most modern type. There

are monoplane fighters—the Fiat G50 and the Macchi C200—in use in the Regia Aeronautica, but there are not nearly so many of them as of the CR42's; and neither is nearly as fast as the British (or German) fighters.

The ascendancy of our Air Force was made abundantly manifest within a month of Italy's entry into the war. In every encounter from the first the advantage rested with us. On June 19 and 20, for instance, eight Italian aircraft and five 'probables' were accounted for at a cost of two of ours. It was on July 4, however, that our superiority was most conspicuously demonstrated. On that day, in the Western Desert, six of our Gladiators shot down a whole formation of nine CR42's near Sidi Barrani and lost not a single pilot in the process; one of our pilots 'baled out' but came down safely on our side of the frontier. Again, on July 24, we lost no pilot when six Gladiators destroyed four, probably five, of eighteen CR42's near Bardia. Next day, a patrol of five Gladiators, protecting a formation of Blenheims in a raid on Derna, met seven Italian aircraft and shot down five of them, without loss to themselves. On August 9 the biggest air fight as yet staged took place near Sidi Omar, when fifteen CR42's and 32's—the latter being an earlier version of the CR42—were destroyed at the cost of two of our machines. Up to that stage it was computed that the Italians had lost about two hundred aircraft in two months of war.* This total was still further increased during September and October.

In November the Royal Air Force, the South African Air Force, and the Rhodesian Air Force received a welcome reinforcement in the shape of a squadron of the Royal Australian Air Force. It speedily caused its weight to be felt. In its very first encounter with the enemy, on November 19, four of its Gladiators ran into a large force of enemy fighters and shot down five CR42's; one Gladiator was lost and another had to make a forced landing, the pilot escaping unhurt. It was a remarkable début for the Australians, and it was by no means a misleading start. They had many more successes in the months that followed, and not against the Italians only. On April 4, for instance, they shot down

* 'The Times,' August 10, 1940.

three Messerschmitt 110's and three Junkers 88's in Cyrenaica.

Meanwhile, our own Air Force had been strengthened by the arrival of a number of Hurricane fighters. Their value was shown on December 9, when they helped to destroy twenty-two Italian aircraft (eighteen confirmed, four unconfirmed) at a cost of three of our own fighters, the pilots of two of which were saved. The Hurricanes had another good day on December 11, when they shot down six of the nine Italian aircraft destroyed on that day, and brought the total enemy loss for four days to forty-one. The price paid for that bag was four British fighters. A still greater toll was taken of the Regia Aeronautica on December 13: fifteen of its aircraft were destroyed at the cost of four Gladiators, the pilots of three of which escaped by parachute. Next day, December 14, one Hurricane squadron alone accounted for no less than fourteen Savoia 79 bombers and four CR42's, while other squadrons shot down three more S79's and three CR42's: a total of twenty-four for the day. On December 16 ten Italian aircraft were definitely shot down, and two others probably destroyed, while fifteen (including ten CR42's) were captured by our land forces at an aerodrome near Sollum, where they had been wrecked by the low-flying attacks of our aircraft a few days earlier.

During the period December 7 to 19, it was stated in an Air Ministry Bulletin (No. 2572) of December 21, that the enemy lost at least one hundred and forty-four aircraft; eighty-eight of these were confirmed as having definitely been destroyed in air combat, all 'probables' being excluded, and fifty-six were seen either to have been destroyed while on the ground or were captured. Our own losses in this period were thirteen aircraft, the pilots of five of which were saved. The history of one particular fighter squadron's activities in the Western Desert was recounted in another Air Ministry Bulletin (No. 3094 of February 22, 1941). In seven or eight weeks it destroyed fifty-one enemy aircraft, *plus* seventeen unconfirmed. Of these, twenty-two confirmed and nine unconfirmed victories were achieved in the comparatively quiet period between mid-June and December 8, during most of which it had Gladiator fighters, later replaced by Hurricanes. Its

losses during the whole period were five Gladiators and two Hurricanes. On one day, December 13, it shot down ten Italian aircraft, nearly all CR42's. Of these, six were accounted for by one pilot in a quarter of an hour. He had the remarkable experience of seeing four Italian pilots dangling from parachutes at the same time after their machines had been disabled by him. His Hurricane's glycol tank was pierced by a bullet from a CR42 at the end of his hectic quarter of an hour, so that he was forced to open his hood and stretch his head out into the fresh air to escape the choking fumes which filled the cockpit. Thus piloting his aircraft, he landed in safety, nevertheless. The same squadron had another good bag on December 10, when it shot down seven CR42's, one S79, and one Breda 65.

During the period referred to above our bombers were adding steadily to the losses inflicted by the fighters upon the Regia Aeronautica. They were pounding the Italian air bases all the time, as well as the defences of the ground troops, motor transport vehicles, etc. The devastating effect which our bombing had upon the enemy positions has been admitted by Marshal Graziani and other Italian commanders. The Marshal, in his report to Mussolini, made special mention of the 'terrific aerial bombardment' which accompanied the assault of the tanks and armoured cars upon Bardia ('the bastion of Fascism') on December 9. 'No force in the world could have stood up to it,' said a senior Italian officer who was captured when Bardia fell. 'They (the British bombers) came as regularly as the hour chimes on the Bardia clock.' At Keren, too, the incessant attacks of our bombers and fighters undoubtedly paved the way for the successful assault upon the enemy positions around that town.

It was largely by the destruction of enemy aircraft on the ground that our own and the Dominion Air Forces kept the Italian Air Force grounded during these and the succeeding operations. Many of these attacks were very damaging. In the raid on Benina aerodrome on the night of December 17, eighteen aircraft were wrecked on the ground, and at the end of another attack on the same aerodrome on January 8, twelve were seen to be burning fiercely. Many of the aerodromes were found to be veritable mortuaries of slaughtered aircraft when they

fell into the possession of our land forces. At El Adem there were about one hundred wrecked machines on the ground, and almost as many more were found at Benina. At Martuba, Derna, Gazala, Gambut, and Bardia the landing-grounds were littered with unserviceable machines. The great majority were victims of our low-flying attacks.

The effect of the rough handling of Italy's air effectives was to give Air Commodore Collishaw's force the practically complete mastery of the air in Egypt and Cyrenaica. The Regia Aeronautica was almost driven out of the sky. More than one of the communiqués of the Royal Air Force in the Middle East during the early part of February included the statement that offensive operations had been carried out but no engagements had occurred. 'At Benghazi,' it was stated in one of them, 'our fighters patrolled without encountering any enemy opposition.' The result was that the Italian Army in Benghazi was blinded, and that our mechanised forces were able to execute the brilliant manoeuvre which cut off that army and doomed it to defeat and capture.

Meanwhile, away in the south-east, the South African Air Force had been doing splendid work in its first war. It operated at first from Northern Kenya, later from the Sudan, and later still had its very movable habitation in Abyssinia. It took part in the operations in Eritrea. One of its squadrons collected a fine bag in the last-named country. A report from Royal Air Force Headquarters, Middle East, of March 23 (Air Ministry Bulletin No. 3369) stated that since its arrival in the Sudan it had been responsible for the destruction of nearly eighty Italian aircraft, 'and to-day an Italian plane is a rare sight in this sector.'

'In the air, they were shooting down (while they lasted) CR42's at almost every sortie. On the ground they ferret out the anti-aircraft barrage just a few feet "off the deck," with their guns blazing and leaving a trail of flaming, twisted wreckage. . . . The squadron has accomplished a giant's task. Wrecked Italian aircraft lie all over Eritrea on the enemy's aerodromes and in their hangars; the squadron has a special technique of shooting through the hangar doors from a very low altitude, and pulling their fighters up just in time. . . . Italy must curse the day when this South African Air Force squadron came to the Sudan.'

Operating with the South African and other ground troops the Union's Air Force helped materially to break the Italians' resistance at Afmadu, Kismayu, Mogadishu, and elsewhere in Italian Somaliland. In Eritrea it contributed, with the Royal Air Force, to the capture of Keren. The bombers of the two Air Forces dropped nearly forty tons of high explosives on the defences there in the four days preceding the entry of the troops on the morning of March 27. More than a hundred and twenty tons were dropped in the twelve days of intensive attack. Fighters of the South African Air Force destroyed two CR42's—they must have been about the last in the air—shortly before the town fell. The South African airmen had a big share, too, in the capture of the Abyssinian capital. 'Before our troops entered Addis Ababa,' the communiqué issued by Royal Air Force Headquarters, Middle East, on April 7, stated,

'aircraft of the South African Air Force attacked the aerodrome nearby, making it unserviceable to the enemy. In addition to the attack carried out on April 4, a further one was made on the following day, in which five Savoias and three Capronis were burnt out and a number of others badly damaged.'

The hammering which the Regia Aeronautica received from us was not confined to North Africa. The Royal Air Force handled it equally roughly in Albania. On November 19 a fighter squadron which had arrived at its operational base only on the preceding day destroyed nine Italian fighters and probably two more in that theatre of war; its only loss was one officer slightly wounded. Nine days later, on November 28, our fighters performed the wonderful feat of shooting down seven CR42's in less than a minute; one of our fighters was lost in this combat, which was against superior numbers. Another very remarkable victory was that of December 4, when our fighters met a large formation of CR42's and G50's, destroyed eight of them, severely damaged seven more, and had no loss whatever themselves. This achievement was surpassed on February 28, when twenty-seven Italian aircraft were destroyed in a battle between our patrolling Hurricanes and Gladiators and a much larger formation of Italian bombers and fighters, and, again, we suffered no loss. It is noteworthy that

eighteen of the twenty-seven were fighters—eleven CR42's and seven G50's—so that it is clear that our fighters did not pile up their score by evading the escort and attacking the more vulnerable bombers.

Nor was it on land only that misfortunes befell the Italian Air Force. It suffered severely over the sea as well. It lost at least twenty aircraft when, on July 9, 1940, it attacked our naval forces off the Calabrian coast. Later, German aircraft, based on Sicily and Southern Italy, attempted to redress the balance, large numbers of Junkers 87 and 88 dive-bombers being employed in this area. They were almost as unsuccessful as the Italian aircraft had been. Upwards of ninety of them were lost, out of a total of one hundred and fifty, in the Malta-Sicily area during two or three days in January, Mr Churchill stated in his broadcast of February 9. Of these, a large number were wrecked on the ground at Catania. Other aircraft were destroyed in our recurrent raids on the three aerodromes in Rhodes.

In a speech at Grosvenor House on February 25, Sir Archibald Sinclair stated that the Royal Air Force, Royal Australian Air Force, South African and Rhodesian Air Forces had destroyed over one thousand Italian aircraft (quite apart from any German machines), or roughly half Italy's first-line air strength at the beginning of the Anglo-Italian war. During March one hundred and seventy-eight more were destroyed. The total number of enemy aircraft, Italian and German, destroyed in North and East Africa was computed at one thousand three hundred by the Air Correspondent of the Associated Press on February 24, and our loss, up to that time, at one hundred and ten aircraft. The ratio of loss was thus about twelve to one. That proportion was far exceeded by the comparative losses of personnel, for the Italian (and to a less extent the German) total included a much greater number of multi-seater aircraft than did ours. There is not a shadow of a doubt that in the loss of trained airmen the Regia Aeronautica has received a staggering blow which it will be impossible to remedy in this war. A high proportion of the personnel with which it began the war has been put out of action by death or capture. This loss cannot be made good as quickly as the loss of *matériel*.

What is the lesson to be learned from these happenings in North Africa? It is surely, in the first place, that taught also by the issue of the air battle of Britain in the autumn of 1940. It is that quality, human and material, is more important than quantity in air warfare. But it is something more as well. In North Africa and the Mediterranean our Air Forces met and smashed a numerically stronger Air Force, drove it out of the air, and *kept it out of the air*. In the preceding autumn our Hurricanes and Spitfires had mastered the Luftwaffe in the air in daylight, but the second stage which was reached in the Middle East was not then attainable in the west. We did not immobilise the Luftwaffe as we immobilised the Regia Aeronautica. Nor, be it noted, did the Luftwaffe succeed in immobilising the Royal Air Force, and that was exactly what Göring had tried to do. He had greatly superior numbers at his disposal; the deficiency was in quality only. Is it not a logical inference from what happened in the West and in the East in 1940-41 that, given superiority in numbers and in performance, our Air Force should be able in time to come near keeping the German Air Force grounded? If that is accomplished in the day, night forays will become, in time, of minor importance, and defence by night is improving steadily.

We should have, in time, the required superiority, both qualitative and quantitative. Our human timber, at home and in the Empire, for the building of a giant Air Force is unsurpassed in fibre and grain. Our pilots and air crews are splendidly trained. In the performance of our aircraft we have a definite lead over Germany. 'Unless Herr Hitler has up his sleeve a more effective secret weapon than any he has yet managed to produce,' said Sir Archibald Sinclair in the House of Commons on March 11, 'our technical superiority, with the moral superiority which accompanies it, will certainly be maintained throughout the year 1941.' At the Caxton Hall, again, on March 25, Captain Harold Balfour said: 'I feel certain that our new types from here and the United States will keep for us our priceless technical lead over German designers and manufacturers.' As for numbers, Lord Beaverbrook stated in his broadcast on March 23 that, despite all the German air raids, our output of both bombers and fighters during February had been a record.

American production is increasing and will become enormous by the autumn. The aviation industry of the United States had increased its productive factory space, according to Colonel J. H. Jouett, the President of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce, from ten million square feet at the outbreak of war to twenty-four millions on March 1, and more than twenty million square feet were being added. Fifty per cent. of America's production of aircraft added to Britain's own production will equal Axis production by the middle of 1941, Mr T. P. Wright, of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, has stated, and will surpass it by a thousand machines a month in 1942. By all the signs and portents we should be able, given always the preservation of our communications with America, to swamp the Axis completely in the air by the middle of 1942.

Given that superiority of numbers, given also the maintenance of our lead in technical performance and the fulfilment, already practically assured, of the promise of the great Empire Air Training Scheme, there is no reason why we should not be able to deal with the Luftwaffe in 1942 almost as we served the Regia Aeronautica in 1940-41. The title of this article will then become appropriate, one hopes, to a new situation in which the sole change necessary will be the substitution of 'German' for 'Roman.' It will then profit Germany little that she should have overrun all Europe and subjected it to the régime of economic slavery which she terms the New Order. The centre and *raison d'être* of that régime, Germany's own industry, will be at the mercy of the terrible striking force of the air which the British Empire, with America's aid, is beginning to assemble now. She will be glad, one conceives, after a few months of experience of the meaning of the rise—for there will be no decline and fall here—of British air power to reconsider the relation of her own 'Herrenvolk' to the rest of the world. It is a heartening thought in these dark and anxious days that this tremendous weapon is being forged, to be wielded in the cause of freedom and justice.

J. M. SPAIGHT.

Art. 9.—THE RESPONSE TO CRISIS: SOME CONTRASTS.

THIS is the fifth time that the depths of the national mind have been stirred by profound danger—the others being the war of the Commonwealth, the continental campaigns of Marlborough and Peterborough, the prolonged desperate struggle with Napoleon's 'continental system' so like the current threat, and the world war of 1914–18. Some of us are so made that we have little respite from the anxieties of each day's news; others, by comparison, seem to escape them with little difficulty. Temperament varies vastly—as between those who pray and toil, and those who shrug; those who collect data as if the mind were a vacuum-cleaner, and others who only bow to events as the Arab crouches before a sandstorm and fatalistically awaits its passing. As one of the over-apprehensive, I am grateful for the corrective of others who take ill tidings more easily.

Let us look awhile at the reactions of a number of the greatest English minds in previous grave ordeals. It will be at once a contrast and a moral help to ourselves to-day. While some of these notable men have mirrored the sense of dooms pervading their period, others have apparently been masters of 'evasive action.' There were Ivory Towers as well as Martello towers. From the former have come some memorable poems, romances, paintings, and music; from the latter, inspiring examples and utterances.

Before this roll-call of treasured names, however, let us briefly recognise the justification of the mind which 'looks before and after' and declines to be overwhelmed in the current reverse or intoxicated by the week's success. The world-map is essential—not the moment's cross-section in Balkans, Mediterranean, or Africa. Reviewing Czech troops, the Premier seized upon the one constant in this formidable flux, the certainty that the Empire, with all its resources and backing, must and will keep on keeping on. In our total war, it is total equipment and spirit that will finally count. We must be more mathematical than emotional. What our enemy has, he has all in one place. What we have, is dispersed over an oceanic empire and much of it is still in growth. We are midway between the Germans, who are using

their maximum up now, and the Americans who have but made a start. This time-lag, due to our years of dangerous unpreparedness, is the enemy's hour of opportunity—to prevent our strength culminating at a time when he needs to rest. So, few armoured division drives and occupations of territory have really decisive significance for the eventual verdict. If we think of Africa and Asia Minor plus Europe as the theatre, we see the enemy further from a decision. Above all, our Atlantic life-line of supplies is everything.

In Elizabethan literature it is surprising how little about the Armada menace is reflected directly. The throb of events is felt, derivatively, in parts of Shakespeare's historical plays; in Henry's speech before Harfleur, in passages of 'King John,' given to the Bastard, and at several imaginative removes in the invasion passage in 'Macbeth' or the drums and tramp-lings of 'Coriolanus.' Something of a people's quickened pulse transpires also in the glorious rant of Marlowe. But there is little or nothing of the public spirit of the time in Webster, Dekker, Beaumont, and Fletcher. The higher English mind becomes visibly more 'political' and military in the next generation, with a country (and even its families) sundered betwixt king and parliament. Milton and Marvell take the print of those unquiet times. Yet look at some of their contemporaries for remarkable contrast. Sir Thomas Browne lights up his vistas of dreamy, speculative prose in 'Urn Burial' and 'Religio Medici.' George Herbert spins hundreds of delicious conceits in verse, in his 'Temple'—the melodious counterpart to the withdrawn life of devotion of Mr Ferrar at Little Gidding; the cloistered atmosphere reproduced so well, long afterwards, in 'John Inglesant.' Or glance at the works of Cromwell's own chaplains, Dr Goodwin and Dr John Owen: they have exceedingly few allusions to the violence and crisis all around them; never were preachers less topical and political; they are engrossed in matters of divinity, or like Baxter say far less about a post-war settlement than about 'The Saints' Everlasting Rest.' Traherne writes, 'How like an angel came I down!' and simply marvels at the reminiscences of some heavenly pre-existence in the sights and shows of earth, sea, and sky. Henry Vaughan's piercing mystic note is

not of that time, nor of any time; he does but remind himself, 'My soul, there is a country far beyond the stars. . . .' The public chord is sounded several times, in his earlier poems, by Dryden; but 'Annus Mirabilis' was not a success, and glorious John soon turned to purer poetry, satire, translation of Chaucer, Juvenal, and Virgil, and to drama. The Restoration had come, and with it relaxation. The last emotional ripple vanished with Pope and Addison; the time was so prosaic that the town was actually thrilled by one starveling simile in Mr Addison's play, concerning a General who 'rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.'

There was war enough in the eighteenth century, an age of captains, foreign adventures, alliances, stagnations in winter quarters, retreats, and rough marching, interspersed by sea-battles and tedious blockades. It was the century of British wresting Canada and India from a France possessing twice our population and resources, the century also of Cook's arrival in Australia and the taking of that island continent. And yet how little to show for it in memorable verse and prose! Burke indeed, who called himself 'a public creature' born, has left us most of its echoes in his rich and athletic prose; of Pitt and Fox we have only report. Johnson shows traces in his conversation; hardly any in his essays or lives. Sheridan put in a few vivid words, chiefly at the Hastings trial; but then Sheridan would. He did not intend to be left out of anything—whether a wager at the club, or a first night at the theatre. The *typical* eighteenth-century writers, manly as was their style and English as was their temper, show a detachment which is really puzzling to us of to-day, when we have hourly news and as frequent exchanges of opinion on the bulletins. Gray, pursuing his classical, Scandinavian, Welsh, and 'Ossian' studies quietly at Peterhouse, Cambridge, in all his crisp and scholarly letters devotes hardly a page of sentences to world affairs. Thomson admittedly wrote long and now unread poems in blank verse on the rise and progress of liberty from ancient times, but his heart was in scenery and weather. Goldsmith, from a private guerilla of his own with duns and booksellers, wrought two gay and sweet comedies, two melodious long poems, his essays, and 'The Vicar of Wakefield' whose family found their

chief domestic excitement in 'migrating from the blue bed to the brown.' Gibbon, for most of the time, sank himself fathoms deep in heavy histories where no current depth-charges could really reach him. White in his Hampshire parsonage seemed to hibernate like his own tortoise, but we know that his quiet covered a mind as active and an eye as keen as any man's. But in some ways the perfect hermit *de luxe* is Cowper. Who does not remember his lines on the postman's horn ringing in the frosty air at the village-end, as he brings the belated news-sheets? But the whole tone of the time, as thousands must have lived it, is in his letter of Jan. 31, 1782:

'A man that lives as I do, whose chief occupation, at this season of the year, is to walk ten times in a day from the fire-side to his cucumber frame and back again, cannot show his wisdom more than by leaving the mysteries of government to the management of persons in point of situation and information much better qualified for the business. Suppose not, however, that I am perfectly an unconcerned spectator, or that I take no interest at all in the affairs of my country; far from it—I read the news—I see that things go wrong in every quarter. I meet, now and then, with an account of some disaster that seems to be the indisputable progeny of treachery, cowardice, or a spirit of faction. I recollect that in those happier days, when you and I could spend our evening in enumerating victories and acquisitions that seemed to follow each other in a continued series, there was some pleasure in hearing a politician; and a man might talk away on so entertaining a subject without danger of becoming tiresome to others, or incurring weariness himself. When poor Bob White brought me the news of Boscawen's success off the coast of Portugal, how did I leap for joy! When Hawke demolished Conflans, I was still more transported. But nothing could express my rapture, when Wolfe made the conquest of Quebec. I am not, therefore, I suppose, destitute of true patriotism, but the course of public events has, of late, afforded me no opportunity to exert it. I cannot rejoice, because I see no reason, and I will not murmur, because for that I can find no good one.'

He was reading 'Mrs Macaulay's history' at this time, and fancied (as how many have prematurely fancied in their very English 'spleen') that we had passed our meridian. Almost two years later he was writing:

'The papers tell me that peace is at hand, and that it is at a great distance; that the siege of Gibraltar is abandoned, and that it is to be still continued. There was a time when these contradictions would have distressed me, but I have learned that it is best for little people like myself to be patient, and to wait till time affords the intelligence which no speculation of theirs can ever furnish.'

Such was the *tempo* imposed on life then, even for the curious and intelligent. Later he is saying (in a delicious Jane Austen-like vein):

'It is reported among persons of the best intelligence at Olney—the barber, the schoolmaster, and the drummer of a corps quartered at this place—that the belligerent powers are at last reconciled, the articles of the treaty adjusted, and that peace is at the door. I saw this morning, at nine o'clock, a group of about twelve figures very closely engaged in a conference, as I suppose, upon the same subject. The scene of consultation was a blacksmith's shed, very comfortably screened from the wind, and directly opposed to the morning sun. Some held their hands behind them, some had them folded across their bosom, and other had thrust them into their breeches pockets. Every man's posture bespoke a pacific turn of mind. . . .'

There is something sanative and restful in these *trivia* coming down to us through generations.

Soon the Napoleonic struggle was to begin, and the impact of this was on men subtly changed by the dawning 'Romantic movement.' Even the sturdy, balanced Scott lived on tenterhooks, he tells us, during the Hundred Days. Byron, of course, was completely the child of the age, saturated in its passions, himself a sort of 'grand Napoleon of the realms of rhyme.' He not only painted the eve of Waterloo, and addressed the Emperor before and after his fall, but himself died for Greece. Hellas was also one of the inspirations of Shelley, who was in his way as 'political' and excitable a poet as ever lived. His *English* patriotism was capricious: that of De Quincey was profound, and in more than a dozen prose-fugues he celebrated our arms.

Lamb and Leigh Hunt have astonishingly few references to world-shaking events; Hazlitt, on the contrary, was as shaken by them as any leaf in the wind. Some turn in Bonaparte's career so chagrined Hazlitt that it is

recorded that he ran out into Southampton Row screaming. (Under the same disappointment, Beethoven was content with an imprecation, and a change in the inscription of a tributary symphony.) The odd thing is, that one of the strong charms of Hazlitt is the impetus and colour which his violent feelings impart to his style—and, no less, the charm of Lamb and Hunt in their immunity from such disturbing enthusiasms! So various, almost incompatible, are the varieties of beauty and virtue in literature.

Wordsworth actually combines both opposite qualities: he is two poets—and both of them good. He is on occasion our best master of the grand public style, in the sonnets on liberty and the war odes; and yet he is the escape from man and his wars, in verses to the mountain daisy, the solitary reaper, the highland girl, childhood and immortality, Michael and the sheepfold, and the lonely leechgather. This twofold nature is partly Coleridge's as well: the prophetic and patriotic vein appears in the Ode to the Departing Year, and the wizard twilight of legend shows in other poems too well known to mention. Keats is easily classed: he is the least bound up with events and time of any contemporary. It is not a fault, it is not a virtue; it is, simply, his characteristic.

Here we shade off into the Victorian time. Its most accepted voice, Tennyson, can be wonderfully oratorical. His Ode on the burial of Wellington is in the great national manner, stirringly modulated, starred with unforgettable lines. The other Tennyson is the singer of a country where it is always afternoon—or a scented dusk. The martial note sounds intermittently in 'Maud'; but he and Browning, in default of better wars than the Crimean, were exercised over the great questions of God and immortality and the drama of personality. As foils to them, there were Rossetti and his word-pictures, and Pater with his cadenced criticism. Thackeray, except for one brilliant brief evocation of Brussels on the day of Waterloo (in 'Vanity Fair'), seldom spiritually left London (West End) or did so only to reproduce exquisitely Mr Addison's spirit in 'Esmond' and 'The Virginians.' Carlyle's vague thunders were mainly ethical, social—and German. Swinburne musically but uncritically saluted any uprising anywhere, and assumed that it must be a

sunrising. Yet he has power to move us with sound; and Kipling rhythmically owed a good deal to him.

Hardy, whose Wessex stories remain singularly soothing to read in these days (as they were, equally, in the last war) gave us perhaps the best panoramic view of Britain at war, in 'The Dynasts.' Books like 'The Trumpet Major' blend two attributes—rest from war with clear etchings of incidents in war-time. He has the secret of perspective, and perspective is attained (as Shakespeare's dramatic method conspicuously showed us) by mingling, as life mingles, the public element with the private, the big with the small, the tragic with the idyllic or humorous. Thus 'Boney's' threat to Britain looks more convincing and life-like when viewed through the eyes of rustics or sailormen on the Wessex downs and estuaries. It has often struck me that the first and best example of realism, or better still reality, is the way Luke in his gospel tells the whole story of the Incarnation in terms of shepherds watching their flocks, of an old lady constantly in the temple, a Maiden greeted by a messenger from above, a priest suddenly recognising the identity of a baby boy in his arms. The supreme art is not that which deals in general propositions, but which embodies the infinite in a series of definite, significant instances.

So it is that the apparently quieter men of an unquiet time may turn out to be better symbols of it than those who temporarily engrossed the floodlight. In the French revolutionary era, there were hundreds of vociferous and much-discussed revolutionaries in England. Who remembers even their names? Far more typical of the spirit of their time were Wesley, Whitefield, and Toplady: a thousand know Charles Wesley's noble hymns to-day to one who knows Tom Paine's 'Rights of Man.' The proportion was reversed in their life-time.

In the last war, it was revealing how many of our professional publicists were at a loss in their comments upon the one absorbing topic. Some of the shrewdest of war interpretation (even military commentary) came from Arnold Bennett whose customary terrain had been character-drawing, literary criticism, and play-writing; the fact being that knowledge of men, sense of character, and a flair for probabilities, were worth any amount of specialist or 'general' information. The looker-on, if he

be the right sort of looker-on, may see most of the game; and it is not always the man *on* the stage who knows most of the drama (the footlights may blind him).

Forty years on, it may well be that students of this war and this period may see its best exponents or types in some men now living a little aside from the beam of publicity, not in the most-quoted or most-refuted personages at all. Who these are, one cannot say, at these close quarters. But there is nothing to prevent the reader amusing himself with a mental review of the possibles. It may be someone like John Masefield or Alfred Noyes, reflecting his tract of England in the 1940's, or Blunden's rural muse; it may be someone now maturing a philosophy by which the peoples can live; or someone possessed of a still better clue to Christian or international unity. Quite probably, in addition, there will be the typical figure of a fine General or Admiral as well, to sum up one aspect of the period. For let us not forget the two-sidedness of the matter: that, while Wolfe was about to storm the heights of Quebec and take Canada, he quoted the contemporary Elegy by a desperately shy Cambridge don and said: 'I would prefer to have written that!' At Sebastapol, Scott's 'Marmion' was read out to our troops who cheered its stanzas from the trenches. In the last war, did not Fitzgerald become our men's strange laureate with his Omar? though perhaps the 'types' of 1914-18 should rather be the Grenfells, Rupert Brooke, Sorley, Hankin, and Lawrence of Arabia.

Going by the precedents quoted, and remembering the extravagant promises and hopes held out politically in the last struggle, it would seem fairly certain that the men and the works by which posterity will characterise 1939-42 are not those who are busiest with blue-prints of a new era or who have the ear of the public. Vendors of 'new orders' may join the shades of the guarantors of 1919's 'world safe for democracy, and fit for heroes.' The *genuine* world-improvers, whom 1980 and 1990 will think most of, will most probably be seen to be someone now in the half-light of only moderate esteem—poet, thinker, preacher, diarist, teacher, or something like it.

It is one of the ironies of history, and a not unkindly

one, that the Shakespeare of his time is half-valued by a few cronies while his co-temporary 'big noises' are remembered because they walked the earth when he did; that the Milton of an age is, to a few, 'the Latin Secretary,' 'the old regicide,' or 'the blind schoolmaster'; and that hardly a hundred of his fellow-travellers in that century knew White or his Selborne. But the happy paradox, as we have lately discovered, goes even deeper than this. We now understand that it is the thousands of the anonymous, who will leave little permanent trace of themselves, who best of all typify their generation. And though they cannot immortalise themselves, they can be reflected in the work of some genius—something between Green's 'short history' of the English people relating to these two or three years, and the rich plebeian scenes in Shakespeare's historical plays, with a dash of Hardy's 'Dynasts.' The people of Greece, Poland, Holland, and Czecho-Slovakia should be in the picture, with the British; otherwise, most of the Continent could only serve as foil and shadow to that, including 'neutrals' shamming dead or making deprecating noises. What modern Camoens, Tasso, or Scott is going to summarise the thousand wonders of human nature as seen in merchant ships, night shelters, hospital wards, fire-stations, landing grounds, and anti-aircraft gun positions?

This tremendous ordeal for all of us has its precedents, which it is calming to recall. I like sometimes to think of Gibbon as an officer with the Hampshire Militia, and stealing hours from drill and manœuvres to read his dear Latin classics, or rushing home from Switzerland through a hostile France in Dutch uniform as disguise. Or of Cowper, tremulous with solicitude, yet cultivating some sort of calm with his hobbies and home-life, or inditing verses to the 'fearful,' bidding them take heart, since 'the cloud ye so much dread is big with mercy and will break in blessings on your head.' Or of Hardy's countrymen, of whom one, Granfer Cantle, recalls how

'we ran out o' Budmouth because it was thoughted that Boney had landed round the point. There was I, straight as a young poplar, wi' my forelock, and my bagnet, and my spatterdashes, and my stock sawing my jaws off, and my accoutrements sheening like the seven stars. Yes, neighbours, I was a pretty sight in my soldiering days.'

Or of Cobbett, pack-full of prejudice, health, and fundamental sense, on those Rural Rides which are become again a mine of topical farming wisdom. Or Lamb, distilling a unique prose in London or in Hertfordshire, while his companions were ravaged by the time's excitements—as De Quincey shows us in his description of the Mail Coach 'going down with Victory' and the news of 'Waterloo and recovered Christendom.'

The *terms* of the struggle remain, in essence, the same as then. The scale and intensity of the threatened attack which the foe must make on this island citadel if he is to force a decision are far greater; but so too are our numbers, equipment, and counter-weapons—and the conceptions of our minds. And now, as then, there is room for the quiet mind—and also for quiet intervals in the minds of the generally unquiet. Wild flowers opened their petals as usual at dawn after a monstrous bomb had opened a crater in the woodland by my home, and birds sang the sun up near a huge gap of blasted trees. For Normality sets up its claims right up against the scenes of Violence. Peace (as a warrior poet told us) has her victories no less renowned than war.

W. J. BLYTON.

Art. 10.—SOCIAL REFORM IN THE CHURCH.

Putting Our House in Order. By the 'Men, Money, and the Ministry' Group of Anglican Clergy. Longmans, Green and Co. 1941

HISTORY does not deal tenderly with the hopes of those who wish to reform the Church. It has often been tried, and the fate of those who started it has generally been to find themselves standing in the wings of the stage, anxiously watching the development of a drama which has gone far beyond their power to control, wringing their hands as they cry, 'But this isn't what we meant,' while no one takes the least notice of them. On the grand scale it was so with the Reformation: that tremendous revolution developed into something which Luther and Calvin would have repudiated with horror had they not mercifully died before they could see where their work was going. On the lesser scale, there is the example of the work of the members of the 'Life and Liberty' movement of the last war, which brought into being the whole apparatus of Church Assembly, parochial church councils, and the like. These have done a great amount of incidental good which could probably not have been done without them, but I have never heard any of the original protagonists of the Enabling Act claim that the things he hoped for had happened. In private conversation they all say, 'But this isn't quite what we meant.'

The right deduction to draw from these lessons of history is not that reformers should be silent, nor yet that no reform can do what its promoters hope, and not even that the Church is a less promising subject for reform than a secular institution. History certainly affords a grim warning against any light-hearted experimentation; but, more than this, it writes out and underlines the two supremely necessary qualities of all reformers, that they should be very clear about their first principles, and that they should have gained the overwhelming support of the Church as a whole before they try to translate their proposals into legislative action.

The first principles against which all plans for reform should be measured are two. They are the ways in which St Paul and St John respectively seem to have imagined

that the Kingdom of God on earth would come. St Paul stood for a restless vehemence of evangelistic and missionary action. The Church was a force of divine assault on every kind of citadel of evil. It must be always in action, and the characteristic form of its action is the attack. On this view, therefore, everything turns on the strategy employed and on the right distribution of the Christian forces. St John, on the other hand, seems to have expected that the sheer attractiveness of the common life of the Church would become the supremely effective missionary weapon. Men would have before them a living example of what a community ruling its life by Christian standards was like ; and this would be so glorious a contrast to the very best of secular institutions and communities that all men would long to come in. ' Little children, love one another,' he said over and over again. It is the heart of his message, and the strategy is as simple as that. The contrast between the two is no doubt over-stark and over-simplified, and neither saint would have dreamed of contradicting the affirmations of the other ; but, broadly speaking, it is true that a fair reading of the New Testament discloses this difference of strategical emphasis. What we have to do, then, is to combine these two principles within the being and action of the Church, by which, for the purposes of this article, I mean the Church of England as it exists in England, and not the Anglican Church as it exists all over the world.

These principles are the reformer's criteria. Is his suggestion inspired by the need to make the Church more efficient in the Pauline, and more excellent in the Johannean, sense ? Is there sufficient reason to suppose that what he suggests will actually contribute to these ends ? Remembering that all reforms within an ancient institution are bound to be disturbing and upsetting to the generation which carries them through, he must ask another question : Is there any less drastic way by which he can promote an equal good ?

If these principles are truly the lifeblood of the Church in action ; if, that is to say, it has no hope of fulfilling its divine mission unless its spirit is vehement and insatiable, and unless in its interior life it is visibly the beloved community, reflecting before the world the spiritual values of an eternal and supernatural order—

then the urgent need of quite drastic reform of some kind within the Church of England has to be conceded at once. For these are not the marks of the Church as we know it to-day. It would like to make an assault in the name of Christ on modern society, and in every corner it is convinced of this need. But it does not know how to do it, and if the way were to be made apparent, it is not organised to walk down it. For good or for ill the Church is wedded to the parochial system, and that system provides by far the best possible framework for a shepherding ministry to a relatively static population. But the population has long ceased to be static, and an increasing proportion of it falls outside the scope of the parochial system. Moreover, a strategy which provides for all the evangelism in the homes of the people and very little anywhere else is seriously out of date. Most of the leaders of the Church have, of course, perceived this. They have even done what they could to remedy it; but their hands are tied. As things stand, they cannot make the best use of their resources of man power, and they cannot station this man or that where it is best that he should serve. It is not merely that every priest can take refuge behind the Parson's Freehold, though that too is a very serious disability, but that the hopeless inequalities of income and necessary expense as between one post and another absolutely forbid most bishops to demand or most priests to give an unconditional obedience to the private resolve which most make, to go where they are sent and to do what they are told. So many posts can be held only by men with private means, and so many positions of the greatest potential importance might be created, and cannot because there is no income to pay a man if he were to be appointed.

A consideration of the second principle will also lead at once to a discussion of the economic ordering of the Church. The Church is a religious society first and last. Although at work in the world it is to rule its life by spiritual standards, and reflect in its common life and in its organisation divine rather than human standards of value. Thus it is to become the Beloved Community, exhibiting a way of life so manifestly attractive that none can bear to stay outside; and this is to be not the least of its evangelistic instruments. By 'being' not less than

'doing' it is to fight the devil. From this point of view, too, the urgency of reform is plain. It rules out careerism and implants vocation. But as long as there are 'plum livings' and well-paid sinecures they will make an appeal to the frailty of Christian flesh, and there will always be those who regard their office as a career, think of changes in terms of promotion, and pull all the strings they can to procure a better place. It is quite true that many efforts have been made to force out of the present unreformed system all the value it can be made to bear. The wealthy livings in the City of London, for instance, where there is little parochial work to do, are often given to suffragan bishops, or priests with special gifts, in order to provide such men with an income to subsidise their work for the diocese, or the Church at large. Studdert Kennedy, for instance, held one of them. But while this sort of arrangement is the best that can be made at present, no one could pretend it is more than makeshift. As long as the bishops are placed in the quite easily criticised position of receiving very large incomes and living in very large houses, and of having continually to be on the defensive and to be making excuses about them, the leadership of the Church will be compromised from the start. That the excuses are perfectly just, that most bishops can hardly manage on the income, and that very few sees can be held by bishops without private means, is all quite true, and all irrelevant. It is an offence against every principle of true community to put them in this position. There is, however, no need to occupy more space by running through the list of financial anomalies and scandals in the Church. They are patent, obvious, and well known; and the Church can never become in actuality what it is in the mind of God until they have been removed. Their removal will not in itself suffice to set the Church free to be true to its vocation. In this, as in other things, freedom is a function of the spirit. But without their removal spiritual freedom cannot find ground on which to stand.

These facts have long been a burden on the conscience of most churchpeople, and in committee after committee the Church Assembly has addressed itself to the task of finding the way to remove them. Something—but nothing like enough—has already been done to peel some

shavings off the rich livings and add them to the disgracefully poor ones. Most dioceses have created funds to add a little to the poorest livings. The Dilapidations Measure and the Clergy Pensions Measure have done a good deal to ease the burdens which fall some day on every parish; and a start has been made with the problem of the palatial vicarage. But all these things added together do but scratch the surface of the real problem of clerical affluence and clerical poverty, and all the disastrous consequences which flow from it and affect for ill the whole life and work of the Church. No one is more conscious of how little has been done than the average member of the Church Assembly, and no one is more anxious than he to end this scandal. But neither the majority nor the minority reports of any of the Assembly's Commissions have won the assent of the Church as a whole; and this refusal of them has been just because they all contain two fatal defects.

The first defect is that one and all of them propose remedies which fall on incumbents only. Their incomes are to be levelled up or down, as the case may be, until something like an equality as between them is reached. But the Church does not only consist of incumbents: there are also bishops, deans, residentiary canons, and assistant curates. The incumbent thinks, and rightly, that any levelling process ought to be applied all round, and in degree affect every ordained servant of the Church, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to the deacon who was ordained yesterday, without exceptions of any kind. Broadly speaking, the rectors and vicars will not accept as a true reform any measure which falls on them alone.

The second defect is more subtle. The point can be put like this: A and B are two neighbouring vicars. A has a parish of 500 and B has a parish of 5,000. Yet A's salary is £800 a year and B's is £350. How do you deal with that sort of situation? The quick answer is to say: 'Reverse their salaries.' The Assembly's commissions have not exactly said that, but when they have come to the difficult question of deciding what a priest ought to be paid, one and all of them have taken the population of a parish as the basis of their calculations. The parish of 500 receives so much; the parish of 1,000 so much more; and so on. At first sight it seems just, but only

at first sight. For if you calculate like that, what you are really saying is : ' A has 500 people and B has 1,000, therefore B has a more important job than A, and therefore he should be paid more for doing it.' But neither in a worldly nor in a spiritual sense does this seem to follow. Many a vicar with a small parish is doing far better work than his neighbour with a big one ; and often he is actually working harder. Besides, and this is the crucial point, if the Church is really a divine society we must do nothing which suggests that one vicar is more important than another in God's eyes ; and still less is it just to give the impression that God's estimate of a man's value can be decided by the number of people to whom he ministers. Written down in cold print, the idea is seen to be perfectly preposterous. But to take account chiefly of levels of population when determining the amount of salary to be paid is to abandon altogether the possibility of reflecting God's standard of values in the economic system of His Church. ' The last shall be first and the first last '—you cannot exactly work that out in terms of salaries if only because you can never tell which is which. But at least the principle need not be completely denied, and the only way of avoiding this denial is by taking economic equality as your standard.

A series of suggestions has recently been made which revolve round and implement the principle of economic equality, and which avoid both the defects mentioned above. The purpose of this article is to describe these suggestions and to put them forward for discussion. Behind them is a body which calls itself the ' Men, Money, and the Ministry Group,' being so christened from the title of a pamphlet it published several years ago. It has now produced a larger book, called ' Putting our House in Order,' which contains a set of proposals much further-reaching than anything in the original pamphlet. This new book was written by various hands, and was considered and endorsed by a conference of the committee held in Oxford last autumn. At that conference were men of the calibre of the Bishops of Sheffield and Coventry, Canon F. C. Cockin, Canon Oliver Quick, and many others—none of them revolutionaries for revolution's sake. The proposals the book contains have been accepted by a considerable majority of the diocesan

bishops, headed by the Archbishop of York : their names, with the names of many other priests and laymen, are printed in the book as those who have read it in proof, and signed their approval. These proposals thus have the backing of a very impressive list of Church leaders, nearly all of whom stand to lose heavily in matters of finance if the proposals ever become law.

The proposals, then, are these : Every deacon at his ordination shall start with the same basic salary, and the scale shall be the same throughout the Church. Thereafter his salary rises by automatic annual increments, until at last, perhaps after fifteen years, he draws the full basic salary payable to a priest, and this, it is hoped, might be about £350. Whatever work a man was doing, whether he was incumbent, canon, dean, or bishop, he would draw the basic salary of his years of service, and the top level would be the same for all. In the matter of the basic salary, no account would be taken of the importance of a man's position, nor of the number of people to whom he ministered ; and it might, and indeed would, happen that many curates would be drawing exactly the same basic salaries as their bishops. The phrase ' basic salary ' means that which is, so to speak, a man's own. It is meant to keep him in clothes, food, and other necessities of his living and tools of his trade, but it is not meant to cover the expenses of his office nor the education of his children. For, over and above the basic salary, there would be a system of family allowances, and also a grant meant to cover the expenses of the office a man holds. In the case of the Archbishop of Canterbury these grants would be very high, whereas for the vicar of Nether Backwash they would be much less ; that is all a matter of actuarial calculations, which at this stage are impossible.

These proposals also suggest considerable changes in the present system of the tenure of a benefice. They envisage the modification of the Parson's Freehold at two points. First, every appointment would be reviewed every seven years, and the reviewing authority would have the power to require a man to vacate his office and take another. Even if it was judged that he had failed badly and must therefore accept a less responsible post, no financial injustice would be done to him, for he would

still draw whatever level of basic salary his years of service justified. Second, no one, whether priest or bishop, would be allowed to continue in office after the age of seventy, unless the reviewing authority decided to ask him to continue for a further five years; and it would be for the reviewing authority to ask a man to continue in office for five years and not for the man to ask for such an extension himself. The phrase 'the reviewing authority' means not the bishop alone, but a body called 'the bishop in council,' which, while not strictly defined, means the bishop together with a small committee of assessors, both clerical and lay, democratically elected.

These proposals constitute the aims. Now, what about the means? The difficulties are simply innumerable, and the war has enhanced every one of them. To begin with, these aims require the driving of a coach and four through most of the laws of property. The essential pre-requisite is that the Church as a whole should own its own money, which means that every kind of parochial and cathedral endowment would have to be swept into a common pool, and powers sought to set aside the provisions of hundreds and thousands of wills and bequests, old and new. The authors of the proposals also envisage the payment by the incumbent of his fees for weddings, funerals, grave spaces, and register searches into the common pool. Further, it is a vital principle of English law that life interests must be respected. The recent Tithe Act, for instance, only operates in any particular parish when it becomes vacant for the first time since its passage. No doubt the enormous majority of the priests and bishops of the Church would accept all this if they were sure it was actuarially sound, but there would always be the odd two per cent who would hold on to their rights at any cost, and these would be sufficient to wreck the whole thing. Therefore it depends on the power to set life interests aside, though the provision of a waiting period of ten years after the Act was passed might perhaps be regarded as sufficiently equitable. Then, the scheme envisages that the clergy shall live in houses of roughly equal expense, which could not possibly operate until we had done much more to solve the 'white elephant vicarage' problem than we have so far, and the war has brought to a standstill the real progress which

was being made. The enormous variety of patronage will be a still further difficulty, and especially Crown patronage. It has been found that private patrons who happen to have the advowsons of wealthy livings are always the most stalwart opponents of any attempt to shave them, because, they unblushingly say, 'it means that we can always be sure of getting a good man.' The last difficulty which need be mentioned here, though there are plenty of others, is that we cannot at the moment make detailed actuarial calculations to show that all this is financially possible. No one can possibly know or even guess how much money the Church will have when the war is over, or what that money will be worth in terms of living. Moreover, all this is bound up with the extent to which parochial reorganisation will then be necessary, and the terms of that problem are being altered every day by the Luftwaffe. For all these reasons, these proposals are at present put forward for discussion, and are academic in that sense. In any case there is need to remember the principle, mentioned earlier in this article, that reformers ought to gain the overwhelming support of the Church as a whole before they translate their proposals into legislative action. Without this agreement the best reforms are bound to go astray. For the present, the task is to convince churchpeople, and that will take time.

The immediate need is for discussion. There has already been a good deal of this. In most parts of the country groups of clergy have been meeting together to discuss these proposals, and they have formed the theme of a number of diocesan and ruridecanal conferences, and other similar gatherings. The present writer has taken part in a good many such discussions, and it is significant that the talk always concerns itself more with the opportunities than with the difficulties. The general attitude is: 'This is the sort of thing we want; what can we do to help it along?' The calibre of the bishops, priests, and laymen who have put their names to this book in token of their general approval, and the welcome which is nearly always given when its proposals are expounded, show clearly that the Church as a whole urgently desires a radical change in the distribution of its resources, that this change should ensure the utmost

possible measure of equality, and that the vast majority of bishops and priests are ready to make a sacrifice of any privilege which can clearly be shown to stand in the way of making the Church what it ought to be.

This article began with the enunciation of the two principles by which all proposals for Church reform should measure themselves. Do they make the Church more competent to do its work? and do they make it more truly a spiritual fellowship in itself, reflecting the divine values so far as an historical-living institution can? Put both of those questions to the proposals under review, and the answer is an emphatic Yes. Because that is true, the difficulties, though immensely formidable, can be overcome.

ROGER LLOYD.

Art. 11.—NATIONALISM AND NATIONAL CHARACTER.

CAN we define a nation except as a society united by a common error as to its origin and a common hatred of its neighbours? Or shall we agree with Renan that 'une nation est une âme, un principe spirituel'? Nationality is a myth, but myths are translations of spiritual values into concrete actualities and practical ideals, in this case the values of human solidarity and brotherhood. And yet the nation is only one and perhaps not the final form of association. Not to mention the more primitive and restricted units of the family and the tribe, the city State or canton has played a great part in history. This type of association has again and again proved itself extremely favourable to progress in almost every sphere of intellectual activity. The most brilliant flowering times of genius have been those of the Greek city States and the very similar communities of medieval Italy. Nor must we forget the urban civilisation of the Dutch towns and the Hanseatic League, and of divided Germany in the time of Kant, Goethe, and the great musicians.

The Greek city State destroyed itself by war and civil faction. For a short time the Macedonian nation State imposed itself upon Greece, but Alexander founded city States all over his empire, and this system prevailed under the Hellenistic monarchies, except in Egypt, which remained in a class by itself. The Roman empire was a system of city States under an overlord. Recent historians have emphasised the Hellenistic character of the Roman power, which was never alien to Europe as, for example, a Carthaginian domination would have been. Plutarch quotes Heraclides Ponticus as saying that 'a Greek city called Rome' in the far west had been sacked by barbarians—the Gauls under Brennus. The system of urban communities, established or preserved by Rome, at last broke up from various causes—civil wars, economic bankruptcy, and barbarian invasion. The flight from the ruined towns to the protection of powerful landowners inaugurated the feudal system, which was to last for fifteen hundred years in western and central Europe. The twin ideas of a universal empire and a universal Church hovered ineffectually over a society torn by the broils of predatory chiefs. Out of this chaos, the worst set-back

that civilisation has ever undergone, national States emerged by degrees in one country after another. The Holy Roman Empire and the Holy Roman Church, embarrassed but not impotent phantoms, delayed the unification of Germany and Italy till almost within living memory. In these two countries the spirit of nationalism, too long repressed, came out roaring.

In the eighteenth century nationalism was still a comparatively weak force. The upper classes were conscious of a common civilisation; there was nothing strange in Frederick the Great welcoming Frenchmen at his court while he was at war, as he would have put it, with the king of France. War was the sport of kings, and the rules of the game were usually observed. The French Revolution introduced the *levée en masse*, and Napoleon, in trying to found a Roman or Carlovingian empire with nations instead of cities as subordinate units, released a fierce spirit of nationalism in England, Spain, Germany, and Russia which at last crushed him. The fate of Napoleon made it clear that a United States of Europe can be established only by consent and not by force. The hundred years which followed Waterloo only strengthened the passion for national independence, which went so far as to break up the fusion of provinces into larger units which had been the work of the earlier modern period. The Austrian empire began to split into its component parts. Polish and Irish nationalism revived. The union of Belgium and Holland, and that of Norway and Sweden, were dissolved. Catalonia threatened to separate from Spain, Iceland from Denmark. The British Empire by tacit consent became the British Commonwealth of Nations. The intense parochialism of nationality endangered the cohesion of nations.

We now see the system of nation States tearing itself to pieces, as the city States and the feudal States did in the past. We may be witnessing the suicide of a civilisation. Will the end of our time of troubles be the establishment of a Pan-European empire under one dominant nation, which will allow only local self-government to the subject provinces, which will no doubt be called 'allies' after the Roman model? We must admit that the new weapons of destruction have given a great accession of power to the central authority, and that both resistance

to conquest and rebellion against it are now almost hopeless for small nations. No attempt at revolution, except by an army, has now much chance of success. But the hatred of foreign domination, even if exercised without cruelty and oppression, is so intense that no peace after such a conquest could be secure. The analogy of the Roman empire here breaks down, for in the west Rome brought order and civilisation to disunited and barbarous tribes, while in the east one Hellenistic empire was substituted for another; the peoples of the Levant and the near east had not been free. Apart from the necessity of the conquering power remaining armed to the teeth, there is probably no European nation which could long endure being surrounded by the violent hatred of all its neighbours. A Filipino politician exclaimed, 'We would rather be governed like hell by ourselves than like heaven by the Americans.' The love of independence has spread even to the farthest east.

The unhappy League of Nations was an attempt to secure harmony on the basis of recognising the principle of sovereign nationalities. But the psychological basis for such a League does not exist. Burning questions are not justiciable. How could the League arbitrate on such questions as oriental immigration or the claim of a nation without colonies to 'a place in the sun'? A League pledged to preserve the existing distribution of territory and the ascendancy of one European power could not survive. A gambler who after raking in a large stake proposes to play for love for the rest of the evening will only be laughed at.

There is too much reason to fear that we may have a long time of troubles, like those which have marked the decay of other civilisations. Wars of conquest and of liberation may be exacerbated and poisoned by the conflict of other ideologies. The horrible civil war in Spain, which cost nearly a million lives, and was attended by such atrocities as have hardly been seen since the Mongol invasions, is a dire portent and warning of what may happen in other parts of Europe. There is also a very great danger that even in lands which have learned to love liberty a despotic government may be accepted as the only chance of safety. If the choice is between anarchy and the loss of liberty, every nation will choose the latter.

The world might then enter upon a period of spiritual petrification, in which men would be reduced to the condition of automata, and all the higher activities of the human soul would perish. The assumption that liberty is the final form of human evolution is not justified by history.

The events of the last twelve months may suggest the question whether the frenzied nationalism of yesterday has not already begun to decline. In the winter of 1939 a former cabinet minister told the present writer that the French were fiercely bellicose, 'determined to dismember Germany this time.' This may have been the opinion of our government; it was entirely untrue. We ought to have been warned by a protest issued just before war broke out, which was signed by leading members of the extreme Right and the extreme Left. 'Nous ne voulons pas la guerre,' it said. The French did not want to fight; they were ready to dishonour their continental pacts. Their army did not fight as it fought in the Great War. As for the minor nations, Sir Evelyn Wrench, who travelled in Europe in 1939, warned us that the Scandinavians were prepared to suffer anything rather than go to war. Does this mean that patriotism is no longer the consuming fire that it was recently? The question is difficult to answer; but the present writer thinks that the well-grounded terror of German barbarities is enough to account for the reluctance of continental nations to renew the horrors of the Great War. There are no signs of weakening either in Germany or in our own country; but both sides believe that they are fighting for their lives, and while that fear remains both will fight till the last gasp. But the question whether nationalism will continue to be the strongest force in human affairs can only be answered when we have distinguished between the various types of nationalism, each of which rests on a different ideology.

We may consider first the theory of racialism. The Jews have prided themselves on their descent from a heroic ancestor; 'we have Abraham for our father.' In point of fact, Judaism is a creed and a tradition, not a race. The famous Jewish nose, which is discernible in perhaps thirty per cent. of modern Jews, is Hittite or Armenoid, not Bedouin. The sacred books of the Hebrews boasted that they exterminated the people of

the land, and Cardinal Newman thought they were quite justified in doing so. But they did nothing of the kind ; when Ezekiel said to his countrymen, ' Your mother was a Hittite, your father an Amorite,' he spoke no more than the truth. The majority of modern Jews resemble the nations among whom they are settled. The conversion to Judaism of the Khazars in the middle ages introduced a Mongoloid strain into their community. Racial discrimination, religious persecution, and social obloquy have combined to make the Jews a nation apart, and have driven them into precisely those occupations and habits against which the legislation of the Pentateuch was most anxious to protect them. Anti-Semitism is a disgraceful thing. Every nation gets the Jews it deserves, and if the German Jews are sometimes selfish and grasping, their oppressors have only themselves to thank.

The ancient Greeks, like all other nations who have done anything in the world, were mongrels. The indigenous population was Mediterranean, the northern invaders probably predominantly Nordic, but with an Alpine strain, since the ancient Greeks appear to have been mesocephalic. Their extraordinary beauty was no longer visible when Cicero visited Greece, for by that time emigration and voluntary sterility had nearly extinguished the Hellenes in Greece itself. The modern Greeks are a mixed race, predominantly Slav and Vlach ; but as Isocrates said, Hellas is the name not of a race but of a culture. Our real ancestors are those who have taught us how to live, and we may all give ourselves a share in the legacy of Greece.

The Romans were also a thoroughly mixed race ; but the portrait-busts of the later republic and early empire show a fine and rather distinct type, of which a German ethnologist said, ' These are not the countrymen of Mussolini ; these are Englishmen.' A banker of Pompeii looks as if he had stepped out of an office in Lombard Street. After the second century the heads are no longer Roman.

The theory that the Nordic race is intrinsically superior to any other has been exploited and carried to absurd lengths in Nazi Germany. Attempts have been made to prove that almost all great men, including the Founder of Christianity, were really of Nordic race. Tacitus in his

fanciful account of the Germans perhaps started the legend, but its vogue in modern times was initiated by the Frenchman Gobineau and the renegade Englishman Houston Stuart Chamberlain. In America it has had champions in Madison Grant and Lothrop Stoddard. In Germany it has been advocated in a scientific form by writers like Günther, and with utterly unscientific extravagance by Nazi propagandists, who claim that Germans, being Nordics or 'Aryans' are a *Herrenvolk*. All other nations may justly be treated as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Political ethnology is no genuine science. In the first place, it is not true that the greatest achievements have been due to Nordics, nor that at present there is any intellectual superiority in the Nordic as compared with the Alpine (Eurasian) or the Mediterranean strains. In the second place, the Germans are not even predominantly Nordic. Dürer's portraits of Germans have the flattened occiput still so common in Germany, and the greatest Germans, such as Beethoven, Kant, Goethe, Schiller, and Leibniz, were all rather broad-headed. In the eastern part of Germany there is much Slavic blood, and the Russian Slavs, as a well-known saying asserts, are in part Tartars. There is a Mongolian look in many Prussian faces, and perhaps in some Prussian characters. It would not be worth while to quote the insane ebullitions of racialism which are common in Germany; it is enough to say that the whole theory is ridiculed by every genuine anthropologist.

It is possible, however, that pardonable irritation has carried some scientific critics a little too far. Karl Pearson held that there is no correlation between 'stock' and mental qualities. Others have pointed to the fact that a small Fuegian girl, brought up by Europeans, was intelligent and amiable. And yet there are sub-species of human beings with well-marked physical characteristics, and it is probable that they also differ in mental qualities. Negroes have no doubt been penalised for their black skins, but they have yet to prove that with the same advantages they could equal Europeans. It is still more unlikely that Australian aborigines and African pygmies could ever compete with white men. The case is different with Japan, China, and India. Asia acknowledges no inferiority. The American 'intelligence-tests' brought

out results suspiciously favourable to persons of northern European descent; though not worthless, these tests cannot be taken at their face-value. We may leave the subject of racialism by quoting the words of De Quincey: 'Nationality, I have always found, is mean, is dishonest, is ungenerous, is incapable of candour; and being continually besieged with temptations to falsehood, too often ends by becoming habitually mendacious.'

Another cause of, or excuse for, aggressive nationalism may be called archaism or perverted romanticism. History is the evil genius of those who dream of power. Ghosts from the past beckon the ambitious leader of men to the ruin of his country and of his neighbours. An emperor or dictator decks himself mentally in the robes of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, or Napoleon. Justinian dreams of restoring the west Roman empire, and ruins his eastern empire in the vain endeavour. Louis XIV hopes to make France, the State which is himself, supreme over all other kings and princes. Napoleon is 'bored with old Europe,' and will plant his standards on the Nile and the Indus. Cecil Rhodes dies moaning 'so little done,' because the Union Jack does not wave from the Cape to Cairo. Mussolini will put the fasces of the Roman lictors into the hands of the unwarlike and easily contented Italians. Archaism easily combines with apocalyptic futurism. Archaism dreams of reviving what never was; futurism of creating what never can be.

A very sinister manifestation of nationalism is the glorification of war for its own sake. Those who extol and welcome the greatest of all human evils, the foulest reproach of civilisation, are in a small minority; but when in any country they have got their way all other voices are silenced, and though other nations may be passionately desirous of peace, it is useless for the sheep to pass resolutions in favour of vegetarianism while the wolf remains of a different opinion. Our better selves are too often betrayed by the ancestral ape and tiger within us. Though we realise intellectually and morally what an infinitely stupid and wicked business war is, we have deep within us an instinct of pugnacity, which hurts us if it is not indulged. A whole nation which a few days before was thinking only of work and play and the politics of the parish pump will suddenly show symptoms of paranoia,

imagining itself encircled by ruthless enemies, and seething with fear, hatred, and frantic desire for revenge. War as an institution is not strictly primitive, but it has an ancestry of several thousand years, and European man is certainly not the least fierce and rapacious branch of *homo sapiens*. The paranoid tendency is highly contagious, and attacks many who from their intellect or character might be expected to be proof against it. Women in war-time are more ruthless and vindictive than men. Hatred and vanity, it has been said, pay a higher psychological dividend than impersonal benevolence and reasonableness. These weaknesses of human nature explain why warmongers generally prevail against peacemakers; but it is a very different thing when the spokesmen of a powerful nation proclaim with Moltke that peace is a dream and not even a beautiful dream, and with Dr Goebbels that 'the only instrument with which one can conduct foreign policy is exclusively the sword.' Here we are in contact with radical evil naked and unashamed.

We are justified in thinking that such language would not be tolerated from any responsible person except in Germany and her Italian satellite. But the moral voice of Europe has never been unanimous about war. In the Old Testament, which has influenced Christian opinion not altogether happily, we find two trends of thought, one definitely nationalist and bellicose, the other expressing a longing for universal peace. The prophets look forward to a time when nation shall not lift up the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But the opposite temper, raging with oriental ferocity, is equally prominent. Of the example of Christ, who when He was reviled, reviled not again, when He suffered, He threatened not, it is unnecessary to speak, nor of His emphatic warning, so often verified in history: 'Put up thy sword, for all who take the sword shall perish by the sword.' 'Love your enemies' was no familiar platitude when it was uttered. It was a German, and the most learned theologian of his time, von Harnack, who wrote: 'It requires no proof to establish firmly that the Gospel excludes all violence, and has nothing in common with war, nor will permit it.'

It would take us too far from the subject of this article even to summarise the fluctuating pronouncements of the

Church before the Reformation on the lawfulness of war. It was natural that after the concordat with Constantine the Church recognised a new responsibility towards the empire, which was now threatened with destruction from the north and the east. A compromise was arrived at; the words of Ambrose are typical: 'To protect the homeland against barbarians, to defend the weak at home, to save one's comrades from violence, is lawful and right.' But the conscience of Christendom was never quite easy about thus departing from the plain teaching of the Master; in what Troeltsch calls the sect-type there were numerous protests in favour of complete pacifism. The Catholic doctrine resembled the double standard of the Stoics; besides the absolute law of nature, which prohibits war, we must admit a relative law of nature which is obligatory on mankind in a state of sin.

But it concerns us to notice a disastrous variation of this doctrine, which was promulgated by Luther and has been widely accepted in Germany ever since. According to this theory there are two moralities, a personal morality, which is that of the Sermon on the Mount, and a State-morality, which is perhaps not alien from parts of the Old Testament, but is certainly not that of the Gospel. While Catholicism had sanctioned two standards, one for those who 'wished to be perfect,' the other for men and women living in the world, Lutheranism declares that in all his outward social conduct the Christian owes unquestioning obedience to the temporal power. How far this dualism carried him is shown by Luther's heartless encouragement of the princes in putting down the revolt of the peasants, and by such utterances of his as this: 'The hand which bears the sword of government is as such no longer man's hand but God's, and it is God, not man, who hangs, breaks on the wheel, beheads, strangles, and makes war.' This is the theoretical justification for the worship of the God-State, which must be dealt with presently. But the glorification of war cannot of course be regarded as the crime of Lutheranism only. The 'happy warrior' has everywhere been admired, and not unjustly. Bayard and Colonel Newcome are noble characters. Nations which have waxed fat under a middle-class utopia of peace and industry seem soon to become restless, as France was when she declared herself 'bored' by Louis Philippe. The

northern institution of chivalry took so strong a hold on the imagination of the middle ages that the Church, instead of discouraging it, tried to enlist it in its own interests, and the strange phenomenon of the crusaders and militant orders of celibate monks flourished under ecclesiastical approval. Nevertheless, we shall hardly find praises of war as a good thing in itself before modern times. Naumann, who writes as a Christian, repeats the doctrine, which as he truly says is 'soundly Lutheran,' in the crudest form. 'The State is part of the struggle for existence, a suit of armour which is a condition of civilisation for all its hardness. Both are necessary to life, the mailed fist and the hand of Jesus, Cæsar and Christ.' It should be said that Kant and Schleiermacher are free from this poisonous doctrine, and that more recent protests against it may be found in German writers.

War is justified, but not necessarily glorified, by the doctrine of the God-State, which is not quite the same as the God-Nation. The one asserts that the civil government ought to be absolute, the other that every nation which feels itself to be a nation has a right to demand complete self-sacrifice from its members. The former is quite incompatible with Catholic Christianity, which has always jealously upheld the divine right of the Church. Augustine, with his 'two cities,' is often supposed to have identified the institutional Church with the kingdom of God, an error which he denies or withdraws in his 'Retractions.' But his teaching certainly buttressed the growth of the Papal power. Unconditional obedience to the State was never taught in the middle ages. Not only was it right to disobey and, as some churchmen, like John of Salisbury, taught, even to slay 'tyrants,' but Innocent III, the most masterful of the Popes, declares that a Christian must follow his conscience even against the commands of the Church, 'It may well be that the Church may condemn him whom God approves, and approve him whom God condemns.' The idea that the State is above all natural and moral law was a monstrous innovation, which appears perhaps first in Machiavelli, whose book was placed on the Index. James I proclaimed that the sovereign is a law to himself, and that a bad king is sent by God to punish his people. 'Patience, earnest prayer, and amendment of life are the only lawful means to move

God to relieve them of that heavy curse.' Hobbes taught that 'Leviathan' has absolute power. As 'Leviathan' was not necessarily the king, but the government *de facto*, this did not please the royalists. 'I have never read a book,' said Clarendon, 'which contained so much sedition, treason, and impiety.'

But the new God-State makes a stronger claim to be an earthly providence than the Stuart monarchy or the benevolent despotisms of the Continent. Lord Acton, who saw so much farther and more clearly than the politicians, described Prussianism as 'a new type of autocracy—the government the intellectual guide of the nation, the promoter of wealth, the teacher of knowledge, the guardian of morality, the mainspring of the ascending movement of man.' This new conception of the province of the State is, he added prophetically, 'the greatest danger that remains to be encountered by the Anglo-Saxon race.' The lines had already been laid down by Fichte in his celebrated lectures at Berlin after Jena. Thus Napoleon, by his attempt to destroy German nationality, helped to create the very thing that he wished to prevent. Fichte preached a fanatical patriotism; he was followed by Hegel, who gave a philosophical basis to the State as 'the divine idea as it exists on earth.' 'The State is the absolute power on earth; it is its own end and object. It is the ultimate end which has the highest right against the individual.' Here, a hundred years before Mussolini and Hitler, we have the philosophy of Fascism and Nazism clearly set forth. The individual has no rights; the State is a mystical super-person in whom the citizen participates by sacrificing his own individuality.

This philosophy has been enthusiastically adopted by Japan, where the old spirit of Bushido, feudal loyalty, has been enlisted in the service of an extravagant national ambition. 'It is now most clear,' writes Dr Shinkichi, 'that the salvation of the entire human race is the mission of our empire. Our people, through the benevolent virtue of our emperors, have attained a national constitution that is without a parallel in the world.' Another patriot exclaims, 'The centre of the world is Japan. From this centre we must expand the great spirit throughout the world. The expansion of Japan throughout the world and the elevation of the entire world into the land of the

gods is the urgent business of the present, and again it is our eternal and unchanging object.' In pursuing this exalted mission the Japanese are not only carrying on wars of unlimited conquest; they are pushing forward schemes of commercial exploitation by underselling all competitors. The Lancashire mill-hand walks in Japanese stockings. A French textile manufacturer complained: 'If I stole my raw material and paid my employees nothing, I could not compete with such prices.' The Japanese labourer is of course half-starved.

A very curious phenomenon of recent totalitarianism is the deification of the living ruler. The object and the result of this are obviously to give dictatorship some of the prestige and stability of a theocracy. To serve the dictator is piety; to criticise him is blasphemy. In Japan the process was easy; the emperor had long been sacrosanct and superhuman. The difficulty in this type of government is that a divine ruler can hardly act publicly without compromising his dignity. The only thing to do is to shut him up. But a ruler who is shut up cannot govern. So in Japan the Mikado kept a phantom court, and the real power was in the hands of the Shoguns, of the powerful Tokugawa clan. When the Mikado resumed power, the custom of ascribing every national success to him personally was continued. How far these honorific tributes are conventional it is difficult to say without knowledge of the country. In Tibet and Mongolia a similar system prevailed; Ossendowski found the incarnation of the Buddha at Urga assisted by 'professors of political medicine'! The Papacy, the model totalitarian polity, has been able to declare its ruler infallible without danger, because the Popes have lost nearly all their territorial jurisdiction. In Russia, Germany, and Italy, where criticism of the government is impossible, the dictators are honoured with the most nauseating servility. Much of the language used in speaking of them indicates a pathological condition in those who use it. The apotheosis of the dictator is almost absolute.

It is easy enough to show the absurdity of this monstrously perverted romanticism. There is no such thing as a General Will; it is a mystical figment which in practice means that minorities have no right to exist. There is no reason at all why the State should be singled

out for worship. We all belong to many different associations, each of which has a limited but indefeasible claim upon us. Some of these are wider than the State, others more restricted. St Peter's maxim, 'Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king,' puts our duties in the right light. To deny to any other association except the political the right to our loyalty is to accept the worst kind of slavery, which does not allow us to 'call our souls our own.' McTaggart impatiently says that even zoolatry is a better religion than this; for a bull or a crocodile, as a living animal, has some worth, the State has none! The question also arises whether our own State is the only one which can claim this absolute allegiance, and this power of dispensing from moral obligations as these have been understood by civilised humanity. If other States have the same rights, *civitas civitati lupus*; nations can live together only in a state of perpetual war or armed truce, and all wars must be internecine.

To pass an unqualified condemnation on the totalitarian State would certainly be unscientific, since this type of government has not only commended itself to two great nations, Germany and Italy, which have had some experience of freedom, but has been accepted in preference to democracy by several others, so that at the present moment parliamentary government is almost confined to the English-speaking peoples. The relative merits of democracy and dictatorship are not the subject of this article, for a dictatorship or absolute monarchy need not be strongly nationalist. But it was the great Liberal experiment of the nineteenth century which gave the best hope of a cessation of imperialistic ambitions, and the collapse of Liberalism and free trade has made possible the rise of economic nationalism and the recrudescence of political aggression. 'The triumph of political and economic nationalism,' says Arnold Toynbee, 'means that the inactive innocuous parochial State of the eighteenth century has disappeared for ever from the western social landscape, and we can already perceive the enormity which nationalism is enthroning in its place.' Can we discover some of the reasons for this deplorable reaction, and some arguments which may make it attractive to reasonable men and women?

Other nations have had fits of aggressive imperialism. We ourselves were in a fever of expansionist patriotism about the time of the two jubilees of Queen Victoria. It is comforting to reflect that the disease is neither mortal nor of long duration. But there were special reasons which exposed Germany to a much more violent attack of the malady. The Germans found the lure of wealth, power, and expansion irresistible, and realised at the same time that all the best claims had already been staked out. But it is a mistake to suppose that the old Prussian tradition favoured militant industrialism. The Junkers disliked the favour shown by William II to big business. Nor were the old patrician families carried away by Nazism. The burgomaster of Hamburg, asked why he supported the Nazis, replied, 'We are in purgatory, but Hitler stands between us and hell'—hell being civil war and another revolution. The great majority of Germans, as of other nations, desire peace and security; in the opinion of Drucker, a good judge, they hate war even more than the democracies. But few governments can resist the temptation of having the strongest army. For a few years we were in that position, and did not Andrew Marvell, Oliver Cromwell's court poet, urge him to extensive continental conquests? 'A Cæsar he ere long to Gaul, to Italy an Hannibal.' On this chauvinism followed, in Germany, a mood of deep depression, when Germany found that she had aroused nearly the whole world against her; when the Great War ended in defeat, and the middle class was ruined by inflation. The Weimar republic failed to inspire confidence; democracy was no longer a word to conjure with. All the idols of the nineteenth century were falling from their pedestals—progress, Liberalism, internationalism, socialism, and communism. Religion seemed to be decaying; philosophy in scorning 'intellectualism' destroyed its own foundations; even science spoke with no confident voice, and began to coquet with subjective idealism. All the foundations of the earth were out of course; there was nothing left but chaotic movement with nothing to move. Art and poetry repudiated their old traditions, and became idiotic or barbarous. The old and middle-aged almost ceased to hope; the young acclaimed a hero who promised to lead them to a brave new world.

When a nation boils, the scum always rises to the top. The present rulers of Germany and Italy are morally despicable adventurers with the gifts of unscrupulous demagogues. It was mainly the lower middle class, not the capitalists or working men, who put Hitler in power. He is now moving farther to the Left, and has even declared that there is no irreconcilable opposition between his system and communism. It is not likely, however, that such a fusion will take place. The whole ideology of socialism is opposed to aggressive imperialism, and communism aims at the dictatorship, through violence, of one class over the rest, not in one country only but everywhere, the class-war which Fascism and Nazism are pledged to abolish. Communism is probably dead, though Russia, which has abandoned it at home, may be able to use it effectually for export. But Liberalism, individual freedom, though under an eclipse, is not dead ; it after all represents the wishes of the majority in every country.

The young have repudiated all the shibboleths of their fathers and grandfathers, and what have they put in their place ? In the first place, self-sacrificing devotion to an ideal, which in default of a better is incarnated in the idealised figure of their leader. Then there is liberation from the sordid strife of classes, and the establishment of social, though not necessarily economic, equality. There is physical culture, carried to great perfection. Above all, perhaps, there is the rejection of economism, the nineteenth-century creed common to conservatives, laissez-faire liberals, socialists, and communists. When the Nazis pour scorn on what they call 'pluto-democracy' or Americanism, they have in their minds a nobler set of motives, a kind of Spartan discipline.

It is not pleasant for us to see the main contributions which our country has made to civilisation set aside as out of date. But the Italian *stato corporativo* is really a political experiment which deserves serious attention. It is syndicalism without class-war. The syndicates are bodies representing the separate interests of capital and labour, which need to be harmonised. The corporations are organs of the State, which constitute the supreme economic organisation of Italy. It is their task, Mussolini says, 'to regulate production, for we must not just make

anything anyhow.' They are not bureaucratic like the officials under State socialism. Vocational representation, not majority rule or geographical representation, is the principle accepted. All separate interests must be represented, but party government, as practised under democracy, is 'a phase of history now left behind.' We may have something to learn from this experiment, though in foreign politics the Italian 'Duce,' like most other dictators, seems to have lost his head.

One of the most dangerous stimulants of perverted romanticism is the inveterate habit of personifying nations. We speak of France, Germany, Italy, Russia as if they were persons with definite and permanent qualities. England, we are accustomed to think, is a kindly soul, fond of justice and liberty, honest but rather lazy and less nimble-witted than our neighbours. Scotland is canny, thrifty, fond of metaphysics and theology, and slow to understand a joke. France, ever since Julius Cæsar, is fond of soldiering and witty conversation. As for Germany, we sometimes talk as if everyone who had the misfortune to be born between the Rhine and the Vistula has a double dose of original sin. In protest against this delusion some writers have denied that there is any such thing as national character. They, however, have generally identified national character with the racialism against which we have already argued. But when most of us speak of national character we do not exclude the influence of climate, religion, tradition, and past history. We only mean that, for whatever reason, natives of a given country may be expected to behave in a certain way. Can any such expectations be maintained?

We recognise at once that the conventional judgments of foreigners upon ourselves are usually wide of the mark. We are certainly not a nation of shopkeepers—we are rather bad shopkeepers. We are not 'splenetic' and prone to suicide; our suicide rate is one of the lowest in Europe. We are not pre-eminently 'the country of will,' but on the contrary are rather easy-going; and so far from being perfidious and hypocritical, we may fairly say with Mr Wickham Steed that 'there are few people in the world whose acts are more constantly sincere than those of Englishmen.'

It is generally allowed that the idea of a gentleman has

moulded our actions, not at all exclusively in the upper and middle classes, since the middle ages. 'It may not be the highest ideal,' a German has said, 'but the English do live up to it.' It has, however, only lately been freed from an adventitious connection with heraldry and property in land. It has been disparaged in our own day by a few writers; but this is only part of the new snobbery, '*la trahison des clercs*,' as the French say. It is also good for us to remember that our strongest moral passion to-day, hatred of cruelty, has not always been conspicuous among us. At the beginning of the nineteenth century our criminal code was the most savage in Europe, and our connection with the slave-trade is a blot on our scutcheon which can never be wholly erased. The following gruesome extract is from 'The Daily Journal' in March 1737:

'They write from Antigua that they continued executing the negroes concerned in the plot to murder the white inhabitants and subvert the government; that 69 had been executed, of whom 5 were broke on the wheel, 6 were hung in chains upon gibbets and starved to death, of whom 1 lived 8 days without any sustenance; 58 were chained to stakes and burnt; above 130 remain in prison.'

A nation governed by an aristocracy may seem to be warlike and contemptuous of manual work; when the middle-class is in power the same nation may appear peace-loving and fond of money. Such changes as from agriculture to industrialism necessarily change the habits of a people. It is equally certain that the relations of a nation with its neighbours affect the character of its people. Isolation, and easy conditions of living, have had several times in history the results described by Charles Kingsley in 'The Water Babies.' A fusion of two stocks as the result of conquest has been the most potent stimulus of progress. A nation gains strength and tenacity by its response to diverse challenges. These may come from a hard climate—this, rather than Nordic blood, explains the invigorating effect of invasions from the north. They may come from attacks by other nations, a stimulus which has been potent in past history, but which we hope will one day be eliminated. France and Germany are like a pair of Flagellant monks, who alternately flog each other for

their souls' health. The discipline in this case is unnecessarily severe.

The odious qualities displayed by the Germans in recent years—their callous cruelty, treachery, mendacity, and total lack of chivalry, have given a great shock to all who remember the very different character which that nation bore before the rise of Bismarck. There is unhappily no doubt that the charges against them are deserved. The present writer, unwilling to believe the reports about German atrocities in Belgium during the Great War, asked Lord Bryce, who was chairman of a commission appointed by our government to investigate these accusations, whether they were really true. Lord Bryce answered gravely, 'The Germans have done things in this war which have not been done in civilised warfare for centuries.' In the present war their conduct has been far worse. Are these the countrymen of Kant and Goethe, of the scholars, philosophers, and musicians whose names are held in the highest honour all over the world? Can the character of a nation have changed radically in three generations? To this last question the answer must surely be No. Such rapid changes do not occur in nature. It is a difficult problem, which becomes even more perplexing when we think of the Germans whom we have known and probably liked in private life. It is useless to talk of totalitarian war. Crimes against humanity are not excused by giving them a new name. But I think we may hope that a revulsion of feeling will come in Germany, when its citizens realise what barbarities have been committed in their name. Whether their country will ever again be the spiritual home of the higher intellect is uncertain; we have already found that the small State system is the most favourable for works of genius. But it seems most unlikely that they have permanently descended to the level of the Huns and Tartars.

Will frenzied nationalism have a long life in Europe? The totalitarian State is extremely powerful, being organised entirely for aggressive war. Other nations, as we have said, may be driven in self-defence to suspend their own liberties. But there are other powerful tendencies against which the totalitarian State has to contend. The love of liberty, crushed for the moment, will certainly revive. The cruelties against subject nations and against

the Jews must rouse indignation and disgust. The attacks upon Christianity must fail; the religion of Europe for fifteen hundred years cannot be extinguished by persecutors. Economic nationalism is exceedingly bad business, and as in Japan is likely to lower the standard of living of the labouring class, besides increasing unemployment, which will be a terrible problem after the war. The two internationals, the Red and the Black, are very formidable enemies; they divide society in a different manner from Fascism or Nazism. Thinking men must soon realise that it is not merely democracy and Christianity which are threatened by the dictatorships. All that we mean by humanism, all the spiritual treasures which humanity has stored for two thousand years and more, are in danger of being lost. And they will be lost if this disastrous war is only the prelude to a long period of wars and revolutions. Our fate is in our own hands; if we perish, we shall perish with our eyes open. It is perhaps rash to calculate on a change of heart in the peoples of Europe; but a return to sanity is perhaps not too much to hope for. Oxenstierna's cynical remark, 'You do not know, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed,' may be countered by the earlier saying, that 'things refuse to be badly administered for long.' Extreme evils work their own remedy. Pendulums swing; every system of government carries within it the germs which will bring it to destruction.

W. R. INGE.

SOME RECENT BOOKS.

The Tragedy of Europe. Sir John Marriott.

The New Testament in Basic English.

I Saw the Siege of Warsaw. Alexander Polonius.

History as the Story of Liberty Benedetto Croce.

The British Contribution. Donald Cowie.

British Strategy, Military and Economic. Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond.

Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire. Dr Ernest Barker.

The German Mentality. 'Verrina.'

With the Foreign Legion at Narvik. Capitaine Pierre O. Lapie.

SIR JOHN MARRIOTT, having himself suffered from the drawbacks of separation from his library owing to war conditions, may well have thought that a concise and clear account in one volume of events since 1918 would be a real boon both to students in like case as well as to general readers. If that was his aim, he has eminently succeeded in attaining it with his '**The Tragedy of Europe**' (Blackie) which, beginning with the peace treaties after the last war, takes us through Europe, country by country, showing how hopes have been deferred and extinguished, how rampant nationalism, unrest at home, ambitions abroad, discontent with existing conditions, and yearning for the unattainable have led to the present disasters. It is, perhaps, comforting that even a distinguished German, Dr Wilhelm Dibelius, wrote ten years ago : ' England is the single country in the world that looking after its own interests with meticulous care has also something to give to others ; the single country where patriotism does not represent a threat and challenge to the rest of the world ; the solitary great power with a national programme which promises order, progress, and eternal peace.' Another eminent writer, Señor de Mada-riaga, has written : ' The Powers are intent on seeing that the path to international hell is paved with good conventions.' England's good intentions are admitted, but have they only helped to pave the way to international hell ? The story that Sir John tells so clearly and so concisely is indeed of the road into the abyss, and his book is as valuable as a work of reference as it is interesting even though sad reading.

The publication of '**The New Testament in Basic English**' (Cambridge University Press) raises two

interesting questions. Firstly, is the English language really benefited by its limitation to 850 words, and, secondly, is the New Testament a suitable subject for the experiment? It may be granted that our language has in course of ages been afflicted by many useless, ugly, and redundant words largely borrowed from other countries but the drastic reduction to 850 means that many words which are useful, good-sounding, and really expressive are eliminated and English is thereby impoverished. As to the New Testament, those who love the dignified, attractive, and picturesque, even though sometimes archaic, language of the Authorised Version will get a shock from this basic version. In the very first chapter (St Matthew 1) we find 'unmarried woman' instead of 'virgin'; then, instead of 'died,' we find 'underwent death' or 'death comes to all'; for 'cheek' we find 'side of your face'; for the fine word 'Resurrection,' with its many splendid associations, we find 'coming back from the dead'; for 'buried' we have 'put into the earth,' and for 'Oh, grave, where is thy victory,' we have, 'Oh, death, where are your pains.' And so on throughout the book. Of course there are also many passages which are improved by the simplification, and any reader can admit that the whole work is a remarkable *tour de force*, which reflects great credit on the ingenuity, thoroughness, skill, and industry of the translators. All the same, to the conservatively minded (and even those who are radical enough in other matters are often conservative in the matter of the Bible), this version will not, we think, have a very wide appeal nor evoke the sympathy which its well-intentioned promoters have hoped for.

In August 1939 Mr Alexander Polonius, a Polish student working in London, and acting as English correspondent for Warsaw newspapers, decided to go home on holiday. In 'I Saw the Siege of Warsaw' (William Hodge) he gives us in a day-to-day diary a record of the packed and far-reaching events of the succeeding two months as seen by an educated and patriotic Pole who, because of his experience as a journalist and traveller, could observe objectively and record accurately. His story is a tragic one. Poland had done fine things to consolidate and justify her new status as an independent nation; but much of it was too spectacular, and

immediately mobilisation was ordered cracks in the political and social edifice began to appear. Totally unsuitable people began digging trenches; partial mobilisation was an unholy mess; the new, much-admired Warsaw railway station was found inadequate and badly planned; gas-masks were unobtainable; the Government, most unwisely, granted an amnesty to many classes of criminals; the scramble to buy food was horrible; Warsaw was continuously bombed; the black-out was badly kept; everyone was afraid of fifth-columnists; the inadequate medical supplies were unevenly distributed—and so on.

The Poles felt that England and France had been both tardy and mean about loans; that Hitler was bluffing; that he took seriously his own pledges, or their 1,500 front-line aeroplanes. Mr Polonius says, 'everyone felt that we were in the van of the battle of civilisation.' But the van is a dangerous place, and the whole of this moving record goes to emphasise General Wavell's truth that battles are always won by the countries and armies that are best organised.

Inevitably, in a diary of this nature, the trivial and irrelevant find a place; but it must never be forgotten that Poland was the first nation to be trodden down by the Prussian jack-boot. Her political insight and wisdom and her powers of patient, unspectacular organisation may be questioned, but her patriotism is magnificent, and will receive its full reward. Meanwhile, we welcome Mr Polonius back to England and thank him and his compatriots for teaching us by their mistakes, inspiring us by their incomparable heroism, and their quenchless belief in the final triumph throughout Europe of the higher spiritual and moral values.

The publication in English of Benedetto Croce's '**History as the Story of Liberty**' (Allen and Unwin) is, without question, important evidence that health and sanity have not perished in Europe, and that, after victory, we shall still find some rock-hewn foundations upon which to rebuild. Croce's introduction to the Italian edition is dated 'Naples, January 1938,' from which it would seem clear that the writer, who is perhaps Europe's greatest living political philosopher, is free to speak his mind in his native land; nor can we suppose that the present able English translation by

Sylvia Sprigge would appear without at any rate tacit permission. All this is to the good. Croce sees history as one continuous struggle for liberty; liberty emerging slowly from the miasmas of prehistoric bestiality; from the bonds of human, historic, scientific, social, and religious taboos; liberty from egotism and selfishness. Declaring that those who accept the falsity of liberty as having passed from the world deserve the pardon pronounced by Jesus: 'they know not what they do,' Croce states boldly that there is no other ideal like it: 'none which makes the heart of man, in his human quality, so beat, none other which responds better to the very law of life which is history; and that this calls for an ideal in which liberty is accepted and respected and so placed as to produce ever greater achievements.' Croce dismisses in a few scathing sentences history written for æsthetic, personal, national, or partisan reasons; to him history twisted to purposes of national pride or aggrandisement, to prove that this is Greek, that Roman, or the other Aryan or Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon, is so much nonsense. History, seen truly, is the sometimes sleeping, sometimes upsurging, but undying hunger in the heart of man to enlarge his human boundaries, outstep his mental horizons, catch up with the ever-widening glimpses of the possibilities of the soul of mankind. All this is denied by any form of tyranny or totalitarianism. 'History as the Story of Liberty' will amply reward that careful study merited by its depth, insight, and importance.

Mr Amery, who contributes an Introduction to Mr Donald Cowie's 'The British Contribution' (Allen and Unwin), writes that this 'humorously apologetic vindication of our British achievement is neither a catalogue nor an explanation but something of both. . . . The result is an excellent little historical news-reel, affording both entertainment and instruction, from which we can all learn something.' The author's plan is to review ideas and inventions which have been of real benefit to the world and humanity and which have originated in this country, or at least have been so much developed here that they can reasonably be called British. It is indeed an imposing and varied list, ranging from Shakespeare to television, and including parliamentary government, abolition of slavery, the Salvation Army,

Boy Scouts, the steam engine and steamship, steel, the ocean cable, the sextant, refrigeration for transport, the bicycle and safety match, the tank, the discovery of blood circulation, preventive medicine and antiseptics, football and cricket, and garden cities. Obviously the world is very much in our debt, and it is a sad commentary on this fact that so many nations show us no gratitude at all! This little book should be widely read.

The Cambridge University Press is to be congratulated on the excellence and usefulness of its 'Current Problems' series. Among these volumes is '**British Strategy, Military and Economic**,' by Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond. The object of the book is to show how this country has in the past faced the perennial problem of coordinating strategic and economic problems in war. From the purely naval or military point of view, battles must be won at sea or in the field if a war is to end successfully, but whereas we are dependent on supplies from overseas it is still more important that the economic battle should be won too, and often these two claims seem to be antagonistic. Blockade weakens the enemy's resistance eventually, and therefore may be as good as a battle, but an enemy undefeated on sea or on land takes a long time to realise that he is beaten! The author begins with the wars of Elizabeth, and thereafter passes in review the Nine Years' War under William III, the War of the Spanish Succession, the War of the Austrian Succession, the Seven Years' War, the War of the American Revolution, the wars of the French Revolution and Empire, 1793-1815, and the Nineteenth Century, and the War of 1914-1918. The same problem faced this country in all. Sir Herbert Richmond, in little more than 150 pages, so packed with information and reasoning that they require very careful but well-rewarded reading, gives a most able survey of the whole subject.

Another excellent volume in the series is Dr Ernest Barker's '**Ideas and Ideals of the British Empire**,' which deals concisely and ably with the ancient conception of Empire, the background and growth of the British Empire, and its political ideas and aims, Dominion Status, the Indian Empire, the dependent Empire or Crown Colonies, and Mandated Territories and indirect rule. As the author says: 'The British Empire is not a

single form of government imposed by authority or standardised on a pattern. On the contrary, it is a rich forest of forms, growing and germinating in their different ways in response to the urgency of native sap and in obedience to the genius and the needs of different local soils. But if it is not a single form of government, it is a single spirit; and that spirit is a spirit of liberty.' Unlike most previous empires, ours was made to only a secondary degree by conquest; it was English society in the political sense of the term, voluntary society and not the state which founded our early colonies by settlement, though the state might endorse and ratify the settlement. They were founded by associations or companies chartered indeed by the Crown, but formed spontaneously before they were chartered. That may be taken as the keynote of our Empire. This little volume will be most useful.

'Verrina,' the author of 'The German Mentality' (Allen and Unwin), is not sufficiently objective to carry conviction. You cannot compass the mentality of any nation with a single formula, and the strains that combine to make the German people are as varied, complex, and contradictory as any in the world. There are, without question, certain dominating factors in the German mentality that are inimical to the progress of civilisation; these factors are irremovable by force, and must, somehow, be sublimated. We have to face, and solve, this ugly problem, remembering always that nothing constructive is achieved by making ugly faces and calling ugly names. Even after fifty years of residence in Germany there must be a good deal about the German mentality that the author has not studied, being occupied, as he tells us, as 'a lawyer, merchant, and owner of a big estate.' Like all politically young and immature nations, the Germans worship success, because it gives them that feeling of security essential to a people in whom the herd instinct is still powerful. But there is no good denying that they are a formidable people and know how to organise success, even if they have not yet learnt how profound are its responsibilities. 'Verrina' reminds us that the occupation of Germany by Napoleon I resulted in freedom and liberty 'being imported from abroad.' What happened once can happen again, and on an ampler, more far-reaching scale. He also reminds us of

the great men Germany has produced, rightly emphasising the fact that 'the brilliant splendour of their names is working on in favour of another and better Germany,' and will continue to do so. This is the same, constructive, hopeful point of view. To believe its opposite is to confess that the gigantic struggle against all that is malevolent in Germany is futile and doomed to failure.

The author's concluding chapters are most constructive. He says that if the German people break the Army will soon break, because it is more representative of the people than the old Imperial Army ever was; that the Germans must be forcibly taught that Nazism does not pay; that as the people of Hesse, Hanover, Brunswick, Baden, Bavaria, the Rhineland, and Austria have little in common with the Prussians, some form of federal solution seems possible after the war.

In this World War the spotlight shifts so rapidly from one scene to another that a campaign risks being forgotten before the graves are green. Particularly is that so for the short campaign which ended with the capture and then the abandonment of Narvik. It was overshadowed inevitably by the great German irruption on the Western Front. To the public mind Norway was a tale of unredeemed failure, so that Capt. Lapie's faithful story of a gallant and successful expedition—'**With the Foreign Legion at Narvik**' (John Murray)—is a needful corrective. The mixed expedition of French Foreign Legionaries, Polish Legionaries, and British forces *did* capture Narvik in face of considerable opposition and difficulties. They had to withdraw only because the ships could no longer be spared from the main theatre of war. And before they left they did damage that took the Germans a long time to repair. The story was worth telling for other reasons. It was an example of brilliant staff work and happy cooperation between the Allies, particularly between the French troops and the Royal Navy. If only such cooperation could have developed on a wider scale!

Capt. Lapie has since been appointed Governor of Chad Territories by General de Gaulle. His book appears both in English and French editions, one of the first new books in French to be published in this country. It contains a brilliant piece of writing and is well illustrated with photographs.

